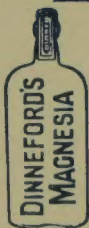




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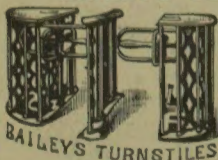
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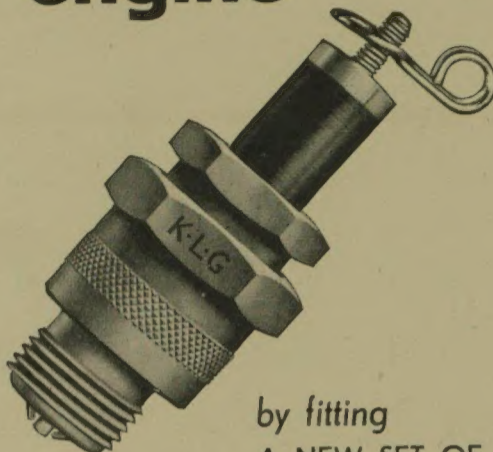
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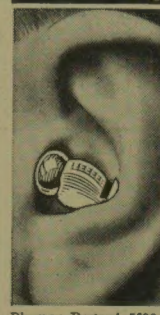
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1937.



THE FIRST INDEPENDENT KING OF EGYPT INVESTED SINCE THE PHARAOHS: FARUK I. (SEATED ON THE THRONE) LISTENING TO A SPEECH BY THE PREMIER, NAHAS PASHA (NEXT BUT ONE TO RIGHT, AT A MICROPHONE).

King Faruk was officially invested as King of Egypt in Parliament at Cairo, on July 29, taking over the duties assumed by the Council of Regents on the death of his father, King Fuad, in April, 1936. According to Moslem law, the King cannot be crowned, so a suggestion that Tutankhamen's diadem, 3000 years old, should be placed on his head, was rejected. The ceremony was short and simple. After speeches by the Premier, Nahas Pasha, and the President of the Senate,

King Faruk took the oath. Nahas Pasha referred to the happy opening of the reign, which had seen the achievement of liberty by the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty, the abolition of the Capitulations, and Egypt's entering the League of Nations. On July 31 Nahas Pasha resigned the Premiership, according to the Constitution, and was requested by King Faruk to form a new Cabinet. The royal procession to the Parliament building in Cairo is illustrated on a later page.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE immemorial nature of the English year changes little. So far as it changes at all, it changes imperceptibly. Each season brings round the same hardy annuals. August is no exception. The City, the Bar and the Civil Service depart in a forest of golf-clubs, guns and fishing rods for seaside or moor. London fills with crowds of hot, faint strangers, gazing intently at its more obvious public buildings, and newspapers mellow into the amiable amenities of the Silly Season. Under this beneficent influence, the papers grow not only brighter but smaller. Even the monumental bulk of the graver and more respectable Sunday journals suffers a decline as though they were wilting under a heat-wave. But in their case, the cause, it would seem, is not so much the holiday of the regular contributors as the vacation of publishers, whose dominion extends over so many of their pages.

There are a surprising number of British publishers, more, at the present day, I am told, than anyone can count or remember. There are, therefore, an even more surprising number of books and authors. For, contrary to the general opinion, authors are only created by the existence of publishers. They are sustained by publishers, goaded into temporary activity by publishers, and sometimes even buried by publishers. Without publishers they could never be authors at all, and would, at the best, pass their days in the pursuit of secret scribbling—a more dangerous vice even than secret drinking. All this, I know, is very different from the traditional view of publishers. From time immemorial, authors have conspired to present their employers as the meanest of God's creatures. Theirs, we have been told, are the arts of the spider and the usurer. They batten on the life-blood of poor poets and novelists, and cage genius in miserable attics in the baser parts of Bloomsbury. It has been consistently implied, almost until it has come to be believed, that they are the kind of men who steal the pennies out of their own children's money-boxes and pocket other people's golf-balls when encountered on the fairway, and this not out of casual temptation, such as might befall any man, but of deliberate and incorrigible avarice. A publisher in Heaven, according to this view, would be as out of his element as a Fascist general at a Liberal Summer School.

All this proves nothing but the lack of reverence and gratitude in the scribbling fraternity. For rid the world of publishers and what men would give us authors alms? As it is, our publishers alone among our fellow-creatures take almost the same exaggerated view of our talents as we take ourselves. With exquisite courtesy they proclaim that it is a privilege to publish our works and are sometimes heard boasting to one another as to which of us they have got on their respective lists. They do not only give us money—sometimes most rashly in advance for work which we may never perform—but they buy prominent spaces in public newspapers and fill them with our

names and the praise of our works. It is they, too, who pen the little testimonials to our talent and industry called "blurbs," which are printed on dust-jackets.

During the month of August, these activities mercifully (for all but authors) cease. Publishers pack up their traps and take their families to the seaside. The boot is on the other leg, and authors—usually the

avocation and pleasure it is to trade, not with erratic genius, but with ordinary humanity. What an experience for one whose highest hope is to sell a few thousand novels at seven-and-sixpence to play golf with a man who sells Rolls Royces, or to sit down to a rubber of bridge with a dealer in real estate! At such moments, some such look of wonder as came into the eyes of the blessed Damozel may well visit their usually strained and harried faces. For dealing with authors and their wares is no light task; often those who do so must feel like Alice in Wonderland trying to play croquet with a flamingo instead of a mallet. Why they do it at all remains a mystery. Young men who aspire to enter the publishing trade are told that publishers require capital. Heaven knows they must need it! For there can be little profit in the business. Not only can one never be certain when an author will complete his contract or correct his proofs, one cannot even tell what the public will read.

This was never more true than it is to-day. A hundred years ago, the more reputable kind of publisher—or, to put it more accurately, the kind of publisher who dealt in the more reputable kind of author—could be fairly certain of selling a well-written book with a foundation of sound learning. There was a public, never very large, but large enough to carry such a work as Macaulay's "History of England" into six figures, who knew a good book of the conventional kind when it saw it, and, what was more, knew a bad one. To-day, though the potential book-buying public is far larger, this aristocracy of book-buyers has ceased to exist, or, at any rate, has dwindled to a modest figure. There is nothing for a far-sighted vendor of literature to fall back on. Publishing has become a kind of gamble.

The reason is not far to seek. A hundred years ago the scope of what is called "Higher Education" was much more limited than it is to-day. But though less catholic in its range of subject and confined to fewer citizens, it was far more thorough. Within its limits every educated man had a pretty good idea of what was good style and grammar in literature, and ascertained fact in history. A biography, for instance, that did not conform to such standards, had no chance of being sold at all to such a fastidious public. And having no chance of being sold, it had no chance of being published either. This, at least, saved a publisher

from the necessity he is under to-day of having to print a great mass of ill-written, ill-informed books which he knows very well to be such, on the chance that, though nine out of ten will lose him money, the tenth may, for some unpredictable reason, appeal to the public and both pay for the others and leave him a small profit. As he has not the least idea which of the ten will prove a winner, he has to publish the lot, and as, in any case, the legion of failures will make his margin of profit small, he has to aim at a very large turnover. Hence the avalanche of books which confronts the reading world and the sense of relief at its temporary cessation which August always brings.



EMBELLISHING THE DEVONSHIRE REGIMENT'S NEW MEMORIAL CHAPEL IN EXETER CATHEDRAL: THE BEAUTIFUL REREDOS DESIGNED BY SIR GUY DAWBER AND DEDICATED BY THE BISHOP OF EXETER ON JULY 31; WITH A FIGURE OF ST. EDMUND THE MARTYR IN THE CENTRE.

We illustrate here the beautiful new reredos which has been designed by Sir Guy Dawber, R.A., the well-known architect, for the Devonshire Regiment chapel in Exeter Cathedral. This chapel, formerly that of St. Edmund the Martyr, has been given to the Devonshire Regiment by the Cathedral authorities. In it, all the various military memorials connected with the history of this famous regiment, formerly scattered all over the Cathedral, have been collected, together with a number of historic standards. The reredos is carried out in pine gilt and richly painted. The figure of St. Edmund, King and Martyr, in the centre, is the work of Professor Tristram. The reredos was carved by the firm of Harry Hems and Sons, of Exeter.

worst of correspondents—do not even receive replies to their letters. Little space is taken to advertise their names in the Sunday newspapers and there are few reviews of their books. For all the notice that publishers take of them at this melancholy season, they might just as well not exist. And as the publishers have forgotten them, everyone else does so too.

Perhaps, idling on the happy sands (Henrietta Street) or banging away at the lordly grouse (Paternoster Row), a publisher may be forgiven for wishing that authors did not exist. At such seasons of respite he talks with other business men whose

MODERN EGYPT'S FIRST INDEPENDENT KING ACCLAIMED IN HIS CAPITAL.



POPULAR ENTHUSIASM IN CAIRO ON THE DAY OF KING FARUK'S INVESTITURE: THE STATE COACH, DRAWN BY EIGHT HORSES, AND ESCORTED BY THE ROYAL BODYGUARD, ON ITS WAY FROM THE PALACE TO THE PARLIAMENT BUILDING, JUST AFTER PASSING THROUGH A GREAT TRIUMPHAL ARCH.



KING FARUK'S ENGAGING SMILE: A NEAR VIEW OF THE YOUNG MONARCH, WEARING THE UNIFORM OF AN EGYPTIAN FIELD-MARSHAL, SEATED IN THE ROYAL COACH, DURING THE PROCESSION THROUGH CAIRO.



A HAPPY OMEN AT THE INVESTITURE OF KING FARUK: A DOVE ON THE ROOF OF HIS COACH, WHERE IT HAD SETTLED AS HE LEFT THE PALACE AND REMAINED THROUGHOUT THE PROCESSION TO PARLIAMENT.

There was great public enthusiasm in Cairo on the occasion of the investiture of King Faruk, which took place on July 29 in the Egyptian Parliament building, as illustrated on our front page. The crowds that acclaimed him in the streets, as he drove in procession from the Abdin Palace, and back again after the ceremony, were said to be the largest ever seen in the city. As he was leaving the Palace, a dove settled on the roof of his State Coach and remained there throughout the journey—

a happy augury, it may be hoped, of a peaceful reign. King Faruk was invested with Sovereign prerogatives as having attained the age of eighteen, calculated on the Hegira standard of lunar years. He was born at Cairo on February 11, 1920. In the Royal Box at the investiture was the Queen Mother, with two of King Faruk's sisters dressed in white and wearing "Princess Elizabeth" hats. The King and the Government arranged to move on August 5 to their summer quarters at Alexandria.

THE NAVY "AT HOME" TO THE NATION: NAVY WEEK



THE NAVY WEEK DISPLAYS, WHICH ATTRACTED AN ENORMOUS NUMBER OF VISITORS THIS YEAR: A "CRASH" DIVE AT PORTSMOUTH BY A SUBMARINE ENACTING A FIGHT WITH A "Q" BOAT; HER PROPELLERS EMERGING (LEFT).

THE great successes enjoyed by the Navy Week Displays at the ports of Portsmouth, Chatham, and Plymouth in the past were equalled or even surpassed this summer. The attendances on the opening day at the three ports all showed increases—the total (28,907) being an increase of 3240 over the same day last year. The First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Duff Cooper, paid his first official visit to Portsmouth to open the

(Continued below.)



THE CHATHAM NAVY WEEK OPENED BY THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON: THE LORD MAYOR'S PICTURESQUE STATE CARRIAGE ARRIVING AT CHATHAM DOCKYARD.



A HISTORICAL DISPLAY AT PORTSMOUTH: THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD ENACTED BY ROYAL MARINES IN UNIFORMS OF 1664 AND 1805; BESIDE THE "VICTORY."



HOW THE NAVY MEETS THE AIR MENACE: GAS-MASKED SAILORS REPELLING A MIMIC ATTACK ON THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT CRUISER H.M.S. "CONVENTRY" AT PORTSMOUTH.

display there. In the evening, from a platform erected on the starboard cathead of H.M.S. "Victory," he addressed the huge crowds gathered for the grand finale. "The strength of the British Navy," he said, in the course of his speech, "is the measure of the world's security. As it diminishes in strength so is the world in danger. The stronger it is, the safer it is . . . for all countries which honestly desire peace." The First Lord was introduced by the Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, Admiral the Earl of Cork and Orrery, who appealed to the public to support Navy Week for the benefit of naval charities. On the following day (Sunday), the Bishop of Portsmouth, Dr. Frank Partridge, was the preacher at a Navy Week service held on board the "Victory." At Chatham, the Lord Mayor of London performed the inauguration, standing on the quarter-deck of the cruiser "Southampton" in No. 2 Basin of Chatham Dockyard. Admiral Sir Edward Evans, Commander-in-Chief at the Nore, welcomed the Lord Mayor.

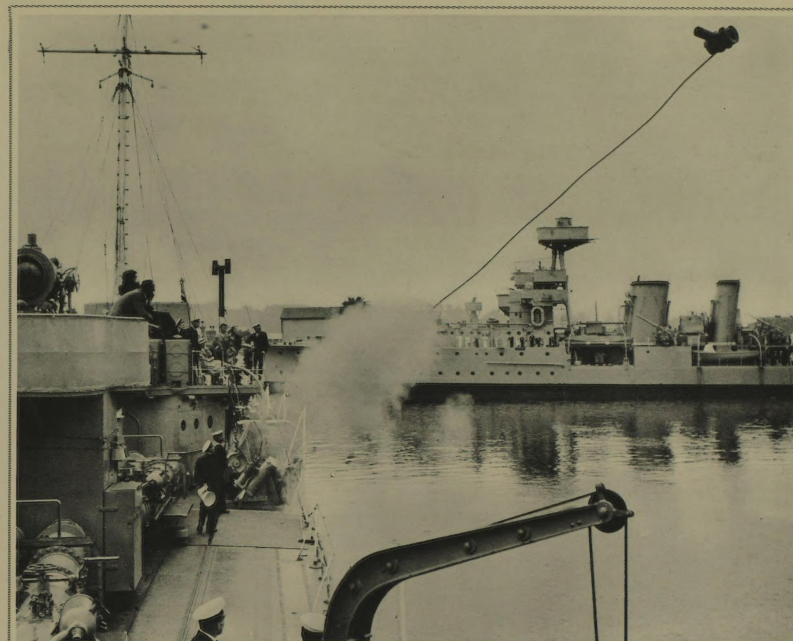
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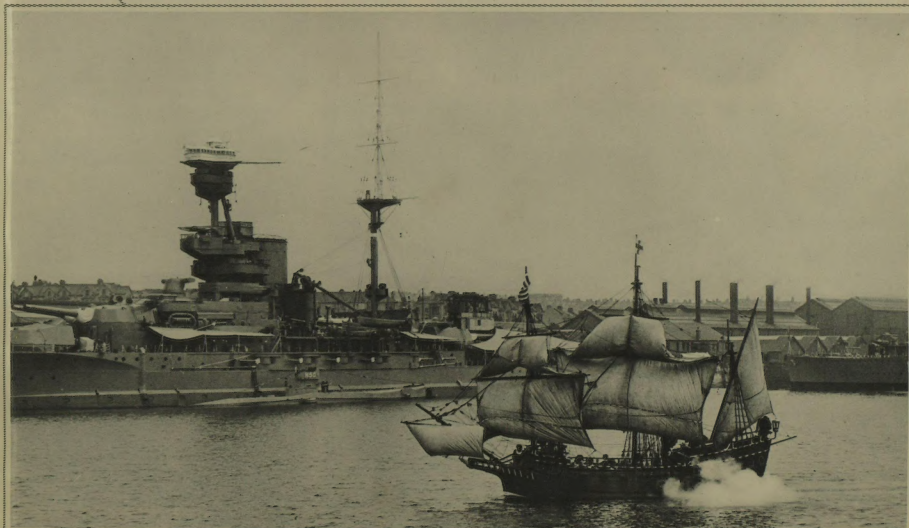
THE NAVY WEEK CHURCH SERVICE ON BOARD THE "VICTORY" AT PORTSMOUTH: AN OCCASION ON WHICH THE BISHOP OF PORTSMOUTH PREACHED.

ATTRACTIONS AT PORTSMOUTH, PLYMOUTH, AND CHATHAM.

The visit of the Lord Mayor to Chatham was the cause of a considerable traffic hold-up on the London-Folkestone road near Maidstone, Rochester Bridge being closed to traffic for the occasion. The Chatham Display included two thrilling features, the mimic air attack on the anti-aircraft cruiser "Curlew," and the encounter between a "Q" boat and a submarine, besides many other displays of great interest. At Plymouth there was a great rush of visitors from all over the West Country. The majority of them made for the aircraft-carrier H.M.S. "Furious," taking up vantage points on her flying deck, from which they had an excellent view of the attack on the mighty battleships "Rodney" and "Revenge" by a squadron of fast aeroplanes, and a fight between a "Q" boat and a submarine.



FIRING A DEPTH-CHARGE FROM A DEPTH-CHARGE THROWER IN A DESTROYER DURING CHATHAM NAVY WEEK: THE DRUM-SHAPED CHARGE SEEN IN THE AIR—THE LINE, OF COURSE, BEING ONLY USED DURING PRACTICE, FOR RECOVERING THE CHARGE.



THE NAVY OLD AND NEW AT PLYMOUTH NAVY WEEK: THE HALF-SCALE MODEL OF DRAKE'S FAMOUS SHIP THE "GOLDEN HIND" SAILING BY THE 30,000-TON BATTLESHIP "REVENGE."



THE OPENING OF COWES WEEK—A SOMEWHAT QUIETER OCCASION THAN IN FORMER YEARS: THE START OF A RACE FOR YACHTS OF THE 12-METRE CLASS AS SEEN FROM THE AIR.

Cowes Week racing opened on August 2 with the annual regatta of the Royal London Yacht Club. Owing to the absence of the royal yacht "Victoria and Albert," with its guard ship, and of the big "J" class yachts, the famous roadstead wore a deserted appearance in comparison with former days, when the presence of King George V. and his "Britannia" (tied at sea at the close of her racing career) made the "week" one of the most brilliant of social and sporting occasions. On the other hand, a larger number of smaller craft than usual has taken part in this year's events.

MAJOR-GENERAL A. P. WAVELL.

The War Office announced on July 26 that Major-General A. P. Wavell had been appointed G.O.C., British Forces in Palestine and Transjordan, in succession to Lieut.-Gen. J. G. Dill. General Wavell served on Allenby's staff during his Turkish campaign. He was also a close friend of T. E. Lawrence. He commanded the 6th Infantry Brigade at Aldershot, 1930-34. He is fifty-four.



SIR GEORGE NOBLE.

Sir George Noble, the well-known naturalist and sportsman, died on July 29. He was born in 1859. He began his career in the Hussars, serving in the South African War and rising to the rank of major. His ornithological work, "The Birds of Jeonson Dene," described his old home in the suburbs of Newcastle. He was a successful owner of racehorses and also went in for coursing.



ROAD TRAFFIC CONGESTION DURING THE FINE BANK HOLIDAY WEEK-END: PART OF A 15-MILE QUEUE ALONG THE MAIDSTONE ROAD (PARTLY CAUSED BY THE LORD MAYOR'S VISIT TO CHATHAM) SEEN FROM THE AIR.

Road traffic was exceptionally heavy during the week-end that concluded with the August Bank Holiday, for the fine weather brought out motorists in their thousands and motor-couaches were crowded. Our photograph illustrates typical congestion on July 31, when a traffic block, estimated to extend 15 miles, occurred on the London-Folkestone road near Maidstone. It was partly due to the fact that, owing to the Lord Mayor of London's visit to Chatham to open Navy Week, Rochester Bridge was closed to traffic, and vehicles bound for the Kentish coast had to use the only other main road, through Maidstone, whose narrow streets became congested, bringing traffic to a standstill for miles behind.

THE CAMERA HAPPENINGS AT HOME



THE FIFTH WORLD JAMBOREE OF BOY SCOUTS (25,000).

A RUSH ACROSS THE ARENA TO ACCLAIM QUEEN WILHELMINA. The Fifth World Jamboree of Boy Scouts was officially opened on July 31 at Voedselare, Holland, by Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, in the presence of Lord Baden-Powell (the Chief Scout) and Lady Baden-Powell. Never before had so many different nations been represented, for among the 25,000 Scouts in camp there were no fewer than 31 national contingents.



THE KING VISITING HIS BOYS' HOLIDAY CAMP FOR THE FIRST TIME AT SOUTHWOLD, AFTER HIS ARRIVAL BY AIR.

The King paid his promised visit to Southwold, Suffolk, on August 3, that he might see once more the holiday camp for public schoolboys and boys in industries which he founded when he was Duke of York; and, incidentally, made his first flight since his accession. A ground mist at Windsor delayed his Majesty's departure, and he referred to

AS RECORDER: AND ABROAD ILLUSTRATED.



REPRESENTING 31 NATIONS ASSEMBLED IN HOLLAND:

including the British Empire group, numbering 8,000. After they had all marched past the dais, where the Queen and the Chief Scout took the salute, they broke their ranks spontaneously and rushed across the arena towards it. In the 30 years since its formation the Scout movement has extended to 45 non-British countries and has nearly 3,000,000 members.



THE AS GOVERNOR: HIS MAJESTY JOINING IN AN ACTION

this in a brief speech, explaining that he was unable to start before ten-thirty an hour late. Before leaving Marlborough Aerodrome, he had changed into a white, open-necked sports shirt, blue pullover, grey flannel shorts, grey stockings, and brown shoes, wearing with them, for a while, the tweed jacket he had worn in the plane.



A GREAT AMERICAN WAR MEMORIAL INAUGURATED IN FRANCE: AN AIR VIEW OF THE CEREMONY AT THE MONUMENT TO UNITED STATES SOLDIERS RECENTLY UNVEILED BY THE FRENCH PRESIDENT AT MONTFAUCON.

At Montfaucun on August 1 President Lohr unveiled a monument, 200 ft. high, to the United States soldiers who fell in the battle of the Meuse and Argonne in September, 1918. Among 10,000 people at the ceremony, 3,000 were Americans. The official U.S. delegation included General Pershing and Mr. William C. Bullitt, American Ambassador in Paris. Marshal Pétain represented the French Army. The Premier, Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Delbos, Foreign Minister, were also present. Mr. Lohr spoke of the heroism of the American Army. Later a broadcast by President Roosevelt from his yacht in the Potomac River was relayed.

SIR SOMERSET COUGH CALTHORPE.

Admiral of the Fleet Sir S. C. Calthorpe died on July 27, aged seventy-two. Distinguished himself during the Great War principally as a diplomatist, and signed the Armistice with Turkey for the Allies. Commanded a cruiser squadron in the North Sea during the war; but had become Second Sea Lord at the time of his death. First British Naval representative, the League of Nations Armaments Commission.



SIR HORACE DAWKINS.

It was officially announced on July 30 that Sir Horace Dawkins had resigned the office of Clerk of the House of Commons, and was being succeeded by Mr. C. F. M. Campbell. Sir Horace Dawkins entered the office of the House of Commons in 1901, becoming second Clerk Assistant in 1916, and serving as Clerk Assistant from 1921 to 1930, when he became Clerk of the House. In all, he served in the House for 46 years.



THE FUNERAL OF THE PATRIARCH VARNAVA, HEAD OF THE ORTHODOX CHURCH IN YUGOSLAVIA, WHICH WAS THE OCCASION OF SEVERE RIOTING: THE COFFIN SURROUNDED BY ORTHODOX PRIESTS.

The funeral of the Patriarch Varnava, coming in the midst of the agitation against the Vatican Concordat in Yugoslavia, was the occasion of riots in Sarajevo, where the funeral was held, and also at Belgrade. At Sarajevo there were extraordinary demonstrations of emotion by huge throngs of mourners. At the head of the funeral procession was a holy banner, tattered in recent riots. It was borne by priests and guarded by men in black robes. Then followed 400 priests, 20 bishops in gorgeous robes. The Diplomatic Corps were present in full strength, with the exception of the Papal Nuncio. There were numerous fights with the police.

TATTOO FANTASY AND REALISM AT TIDWORTH: TOY-SOLDIERS' PARADE; VIGO; AND A MECHANISED FOX-HUNT.



A POPULAR FEATURE OF THE HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL TATTOO AT TIDWORTH: TOYLAND LANCERS RIDING PAST THE QUEEN OF TOYLAND, "HOBBY-HORSE" FASHION.



THE BRITISH FLEET MANŒUVRING IN THE REPRESENTATION OF THE DARING CAPTURE OF THE SPANISH TREASURE SHIPS AT VIGO IN 1702: AN ORIGINAL FEATURE OF THE TIDWORTH TATTOO.



THE CLIMAX OF THE VIGO EPISODE: MEN OF THE QUEEN'S ROYAL REGIMENT ENACTING THE REGIMENT'S CAPTURE OF VIGO FORT IN 1702.



"THE SUBALTERN'S NIGHTMARE": A MECHANISED FOX BEING PURSUED BY A MECHANISED FOX-HUNT.

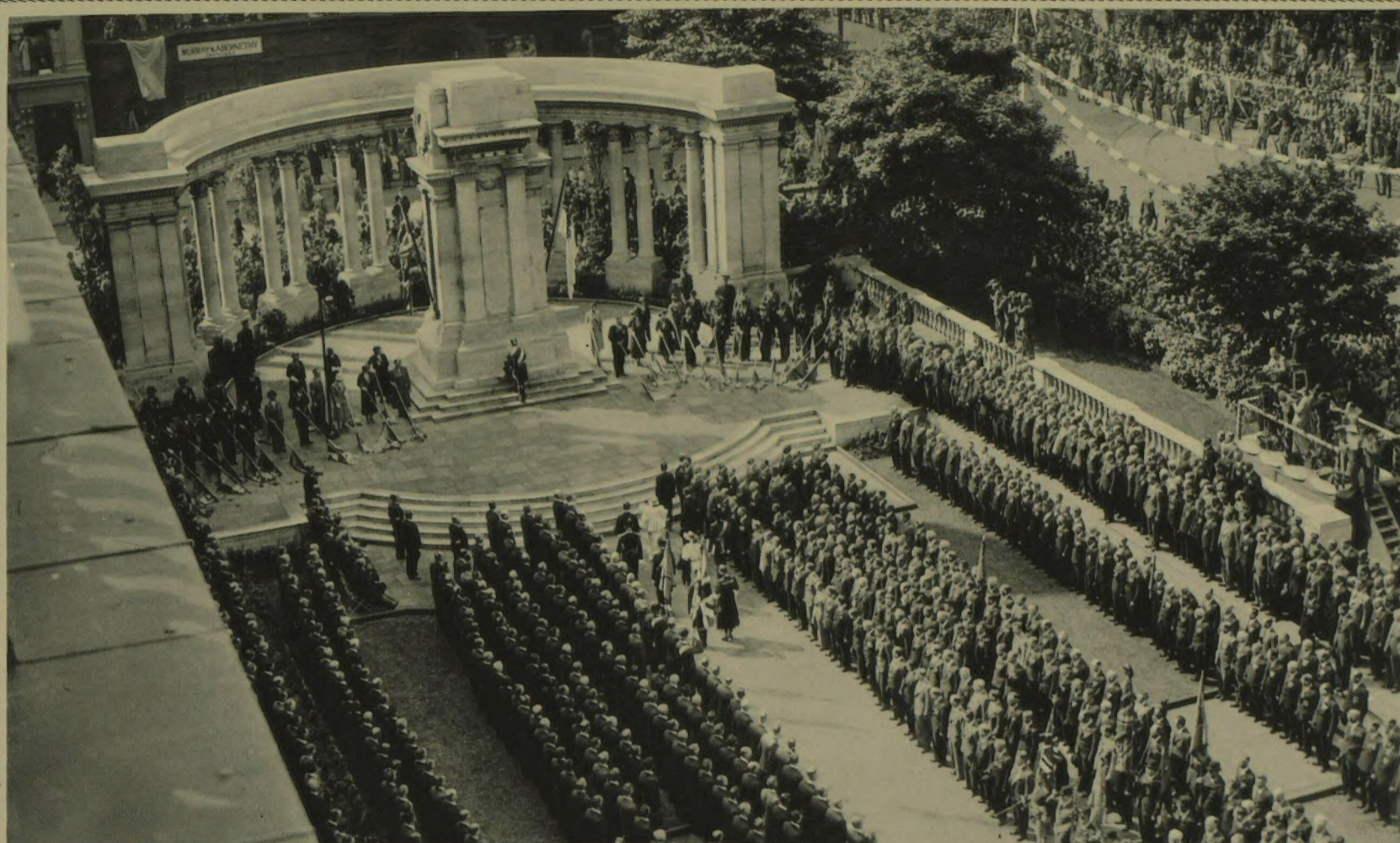


THE END OF THE MECHANISED FOX-HUNT: MOTOR-CYCLIST "HOUNDS" AND THE FOX AT THE KILL IN "THE SUBALTERN'S NIGHTMARE."

The Coronation Year Tidworth Tattoo (July 31 and August 2-7) was witnessed by 12,000 people on August Bank Holiday, a record promising well for the rest of the week. Our photographs were taken, of course, at a daylight rehearsal; the actual show beginning at 9.30 each night. The most novel feature was "The Subaltern's Nightmare," by the 2nd Cavalry Brigade. A motor-cyclist "fox" was

hunted by a field mounted on armoured cars and tanks, and the hounds were motor-cyclists. Another popular feature was the review of her forces by the Queen of Toyland, including horse, foot, and guns and armoured cars. The army was made up of Toy Soldiers in brilliantly painted uniforms. An original production was the seizing of Vigo and the capture of the Spanish bullion ships in 1702.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO BELFAST: CENOTAPH AND CITY HALL CEREMONIES.



THE KING, IN THE FULL-DRESS UNIFORM OF AN ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET, PLACING A WREATH OF POPPIES ON THE CENOTAPH IN THE GARDEN OF REMEMBRANCE WHILE THE BANNERS OF EX-SERVICE ORGANISATIONS DIPPED IN SALUTE: AN OCCASION ON WHICH HIS MAJESTY GREETED FORMER NAVAL SHIPMATES.



AFTER THE KING HAD RECEIVED LOYAL ADDRESSES FROM REPRESENTATIVES OF DEPUTATIONS IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER OF THE CITY HALL, BELFAST: HIS MAJESTY MAKING AN UNEXPECTED SPEECH IN REPLY, EXPRESSING HIS GRATIFICATION AT BEING ABLE TO RENEW HIS ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE PEOPLE OF NORTHERN IRELAND.

On their visit to Belfast on July 28, the King and Queen landed at Donegall Quay and drove to the City Hall, where they passed down the Garden of Remembrance and the King laid a wreath on the Cenotaph, afterwards speaking to members of the ex-Service organisations lining the path. Their Majesties

then entered the City Hall and loyal addresses were presented in the Council Chamber. It was thought that the King would hand a written reply to Sir Dawson Bates, but he made a short speech, expressive of his gratification at his warm welcome and his delight at being able to return to Northern Ireland.

THE CORONATION STATE VISIT TO NORTHERN IRELAND:



PATROLLING THE STREETS OF BELFAST ON THE OCCASION OF THE KING AND QUEEN'S VISIT: ARMoured POLICE-TENDERS, WITH "STONE-PROOF" WIRE-NETTING PROTECTION FOR THEIR OCCUPANTS, PASSING ALONG THE Gaily DECORATED ROYAL ROUTE.

THE King and Queen's visit to Belfast on July 26 was the occasion for a spontaneous demonstration of loyalty by the thousands who filled the pavements on each side of the royal route. Their Majesties were last in Northern Ireland in 1924, when they were Duke and Duchess of York, and the King referred to this in the speech he made in reply to loyal addresses presented to him in the City Hall. The streets were gaily decorated with flags and garlands; but a reminder of the occasional sterner tasks of

(Continued below, on right.)



PASSING DOWN THE RANKS OF THE ULSTER DIVISION OF THE ROYAL NAVAL VOLUNTEER RESERVE ON HIS ARRIVAL: HIS MAJESTY INSPECTING THE GUARDS OF HONOUR MOUNTED IN QUEEN'S SQUARE BY THE THREE SERVICES.



ENABLING THE MAJORITY OF THE PEOPLE TO OBTAIN A GOOD VIEW: THE KING AND QUEEN ON THEIR WAY TO THE BELFAST CITY HALL WITH THE HOOD OF THEIR CAR LOWERED.



AT DONEGALL QUAY, WHERE THE KING AND QUEEN MADE THEIR FORMAL LANDING: THEIR MAJESTIES GREETING R.A.F. OFFICERS BEFORE DISSEMBARKING FROM H.M.S. "EXMOUTH," TO WHICH THEY HAD TRANSFERRED FROM THE ROYAL YACHT.



DRIVING TO THE CITY HALL ALONG STREETS DECORATED WITH FLAGS AND GARLANDS: THEIR MAJESTIES RECEIVING A WARM WELCOME FROM THOUSANDS OF ULSTERMEN AND MANY LOYALISTS FROM THE IRISH FREE STATE.

The Royal Ulster Constabulary was provided by some armoured police-tenders which passed along the royal route shortly before their Majesties' arrival. The "Victoria and Albert" berthed at Thompson's Wharf and the Royal Party transferred to H.M.S. "Exmouth," in which they proceeded to Donegall Quay, where they disembarked. After inspecting the three Guards of Honour, mounted by the Ulster Division of the R.N.V.R., the 1st Battalion, The Welch Regiment, and an Ulster Bomber Squadron of the R.A.F., the King and Queen drove through the streets to the City Hall. The car had the hood lowered and the delighted crowd obtained an excellent view of their

(Continued on opposite page.)



IN THE GARDEN OF REMEMBRANCE, WHICH WAS LINED BY REPRESENTATIVES OF TWENTY-SEVEN EX-SERVICE ORGANISATIONS: THE KING AND QUEEN TALKING TO DISABLED MEN AND NURSES.

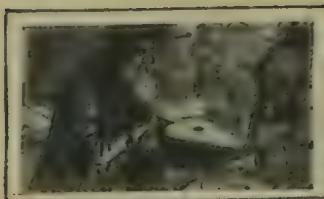
THE KING AND QUEEN IN BELFAST AND AT BALMORAL.

Majesties, who, in turn, seemed almost overwhelmed by their reception: on every side small Union Jacks were waved; and the famous Orangemen's drums beat out a greeting. On arriving at the City Hall, the King walked through the Garden of Remembrance and placed a wreath on the Cenotaph and then talked to members of the ex-Service organisations which lined the path. Among these were some whom the King recognised as former naval shipmates. After receiving loyal addresses in the Council Chamber and replying in a brief speech the King, accompanied by the Queen, drove off to Government House, Hillsborough, where their Majesties lunched with the Duke of Abercorn. In the afternoon they watched displays and a parade of youth organisations at the Balmoral show-grounds and then went on to Stormont Castle, where they took tea with the Prime Minister, Lord Craigavon, later joining the garden party in the grounds. Before leaving in the Royal Yacht, the King inspected H.M.S. "Caroline," the Ulster Division of the R.N.V.R. training-ship.

WHERE A WALL COLLAPSED (SEEN ON THE RIGHT), SLIGHTLY INJURING TWO CHILDREN AS THE ROYAL CAR PASSED: THE KING AND QUEEN ARRIVING AT THE SHOW-GROUNDS AT BALMORAL, WHERE THEY WATCHED DISPLAYS GIVEN BY YOUTH ORGANISATIONS.



AFTER THE KING HAD PLACED A WREATH OF POPPIES ON THE CENOTAPH IN THE GARDEN OF REMEMBRANCE AT BELFAST: THEIR MAJESTIES INSPECTING WOMEN OF THE BRITISH LEGION—ONE OF THE TWENTY-SEVEN EX-SERVICE ORGANISATIONS WHICH LINED THE PATH.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



CONCERNING GIANTS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THE very mention of the word "giant," to most of us, conjures up memories of the fearsome monsters of our nursery days. But with advancing years our faith in the existence of such creatures slowly vanished, though the sea-serpent is still cherished as a possible survivor! With the passing of the "Age of Faith," however, we had to form new standards of "giantism," resulting in the conviction that the term "giant" is only relative. Every group of living animals, or plants, has its giants and its lilliputians; and we can only very imperfectly understand the agencies which have governed, and govern, their emergence. The late Professor Dendy suggested that the processes of growth, whether of the organism as a whole, or of its parts, were determined by "some specific secretion, or hormone," which had a restraining influence on growth, and that where this "inhibiting hormone" is no longer produced, "the brake" is removed, until the size of the organ, or of the body as a whole, grows too great for its well-being, so that extermination follows. He supported this argument by citing the cases of the now extinct giant reptiles. But

could be carried on while the body was submerged. But we are not to infer that it was confined to the water, for the hippopotamus also has specially modified nostrils to enable breathing to go on during submergence of the rest of the body. But, as we know,

here, for its coloration is a glorious combination of black, and green and gold, showing that its great size in no way sapped its activities in the matter of developing splendour. The third shows the largest living moth, *Coscinocera hercules* (Fig. 3), with a wing-span of 10 ins. This also is very beautiful in its coloration. The large white patches in the fore- and hind-wings, are commonly termed "windows," from the fact that they are as transparent as glass! Why should the wing-scales, to which the coloration of butterflies and moths is due, have become lost on these areas? The hind-wings, it will be noticed, look as though their inner margins had been ruthlessly cut away, so that the abdomen is entirely exposed. In the male, which is smaller, having a wing-span of no more than 8 ins., this emargination of the wing is still more marked, and the broad, out-turned tip seen in the female is here produced backwards into a "streamer" so long that the length, from the edge of the fore-wing to the tip of the streamer is considerably greater than the total wing-span!

By way of further comparison, the most bulky of all the lepidoptera, the Australian goat-moth, *Xyleutes boisduvali* (Fig. 2), is shown. The span of the wings is over 9 ins., while the size of the abdomen is enormous. Now, this last fact is something much more than merely curious, for it contains a large reserve of food, stored up in the caterpillar-stage to serve during the somewhat brief adult life. For the adult has no proboscis, and is therefore unable to feed. This appears to be true of all the goat-moths. The provision during larval-life against a prolonged fast during the final, winged-stage is certainly a remarkable one. It has, at any rate, a rough parallel in the life-history of the tadpole, which absorbs the tissues of its own tail while undergoing its metamorphosis into a frog—or toad—during which time the mouth is "closed for repairs," for the jaws of the adult are very different from those of the larva.

But even these giant lepidoptera pale before the great dragon-fly of the coal measures, *Meganeura monyi*, which had a wing-span of a little over 2 ft. ! More striking still are the old Silurian eurypterids (*Pterygotus*), ancestors of the scorpions, for some of these were over six feet in length!

his contention does not carry conviction. The earliest of those strange flying-lizards, the Pterodactyles, were no bigger than a thrush; the latest, *Pteranodon*, had a wing-span of 18 feet! The pterodactyles ruled the upper air, it is to be remembered, for several millions of years, yet, when we come to examine the various distinct types into which they blossomed we find no suggestion of the existence of any special "growth-controlling" agency.

Nor does the physiologist help us much. He tells us that birds and mammals "cannot get too small on account of loss of heat from the relatively great surface, while the elephant is near the upper limit for land-animals, from the mathematical ratio between weight and locomotion. And on this account it is supposed that the extinct giant reptiles must have been semi-aquatic. There seems to be a very wide range between the extremes of these limiting forces. The smallest bird, one of the humming-birds, is but little bigger than a bumble-bee, if we exclude the tail and beak; the largest living bird is the ostrich; but some of the extinct moas were very much larger. The elephant of to-day was very much exceeded by some of the fossil American species, while the assumption that the extinct giant reptiles must have been semi-aquatic is largely discounted by the huge iguanodon, 25 ft. long and 14 ft. high. The huge diplodocus of Wyoming was 80 ft. in length, and the ridge of its back 14 ft. from the ground! This, very certainly, was semi-aquatic, as witness the position of the nostrils on the top of the skull, so that breathing

mammal, but the largest animal yet recorded, for it exceeds a length of 100 ft. This is the "Blue" or "Sibbald's" rorqual, though its days seem to be numbered owing to the hideous persecution to which it is being subjected by the whaling companies now exploiting the whale tribe in the Antarctic. I was led to this theme of "Giantism" in my search, a little while ago, for records as to the largest butterflies and moths. Finding the various statements thereon very conflicting, I turned for help at last to Lord Rothschild, as I so often do when I need help of this kind, for his knowledge of the lepidoptera, as of many another group of the animal kingdom, is profound. He not only sent me some valuable information, but also had taken for me, from his wonderful collection, the superb photographs shown here. Unfortunately all have had to be reduced, for the originals are very nearly of the natural size.

The first of these, *Troides alexandrae* (Fig. 1), shows the largest known butterfly, 11½ ins. across the wings! Size alone, unhappily, can be recorded

it makes lengthy sojourns on land in search of food. The massive cousin of diplodocus, *Cetiosaurus*, 60 ft. long, ages ago wandered along our English rivers, and also came ashore to feed. Another of the great land reptiles worthy of mention was an enormous python (*Gigantophis*), 50 or 60 ft. long, which lived in the Fayum during Mid-Eocene times. To-day, the largest snake is the anaconda of South America, which is said to attain a length of 30 ft.

But the days of giants are not yet ended. For in the Antarctic seas there still lives, not only the largest



1. THE LARGEST KNOWN BUTTERFLY, AND ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL, WITH A GORGEOUS COLOURING OF BLACK, GREEN AND GOLD: A FEMALE *TROIDES ALEXANDRAE* FROM NEW GUINEA, WHOSE WINGS HAVE A SPAN OF 11½ INCHES.—[Photographs Reproduced by the Courtesy of Lord Rothschild, F.R.S.]



2. REPRESENTING THE MOST BULKY OF ALL KNOWN MOTHS, ON ACCOUNT OF THE EXCESSIVELY LARGE ABDOMEN, WHICH SERVES AS A CONTAINER FOR A STORE OF FOOD SUFFICIENT TO LAST THE LIFETIME OF THE INSECT, WHICH, HAVING NO PROBOSCIS, IS UNABLE TO FEED: A FEMALE AUSTRALIAN GOAT-MOTH (*XYLEUTES BOISDUVALLI*).



3. THE LARGEST KNOWN MOTH, WHICH HAS A WING-SPAN OF 10 INCHES IN THE FEMALE, WHILE THE MALE ONLY MEASURES FROM 8 INCHES TO 8½ INCHES ACROSS THE WINGS, AND HAS THE TIPS OF THE HIND-WINGS PRODUCED INTO LONG "STREAMERS": A FEMALE HERCULES MOTH (*COSCINOCERA HERCULES*) FROM QUEENSLAND.



ONE OF A SERIES OF OUTRAGES DESIGNED TO MAR THE ROYAL VISIT TO ULSTER: THE CUSTOMS POST AT CARRICKARNON WRECKED BY BOMBS FROM ARMED RAIDERS.



THE EFFECT OF AN OUTRAGE DESIGNED TO INTERFERE WITH PEOPLE COMING UP FROM THE FREE STATE TO BELFAST FOR THE ROYAL VISIT: THE RAILWAY BRIDGE AT FAUGHART DAMAGED BY EXPLOSIVES.



THE WRECKED CUSTOMS POST AT KILLEEN, WHERE A HOUSE AND SHOP AND DANCE HALL WERE ALSO BURNT—ONE OF TWENTY-EIGHT SUCH OUTRAGES ON EITHER SIDE OF THE BORDER.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE DESTRUCTION WROUGHT AT KILLEEN: A POST WHERE RAIDERS, ARMED WITH REVOLVERS AND A SUB-MACHINE-GUN, HELD UP POLICE WHILE THEY SET FIRE TO BUILDINGS.

A NUMBER of stupid outrages occurred at the time of the visit of the King and Queen to Ulster. They were perpetrated with the object of marring the reception given to their Majesties in Belfast, and of preventing people from going from the Free State to Belfast. A bridge on the Great Northern Railway at Faughart, north of Dundalk, was partially wrecked by a mine, and twenty-eight Customs posts on either side of the border were destroyed. At Faughart four home-made mines were laid, but only one exploded, damaging an arch and tearing up the permanent way. Special trains from Dublin were able to proceed after about three hours. A land-mine exploded in Academy Street, Belfast, some 300 yards from the route between Donegall Quay and the civic centre, while the King and Queen were in the City Hall. Doubtless, the perpetrators of this outrage aimed at starting a panic. These outrages were presumed to be the work of members of the Irish Republican Army, which is, of course, an illegal organisation in the Free State. The I.R.A. leaders were rounded up last year, but evidently the organisation persists, and these events will doubtless lead to severer measures in the Free State.



THE RAILWAY BRIDGE AT FAUGHART DAMAGED BY A LAND-MINE: AN AERIAL VIEW; SHOWING THE SLEEPERS TORN UP AND THE PARAPET OF THE BRIDGE BLOWN DOWN—THOUGH THREE OTHER CHARGES PLACED HERE FAILED TO EXPLODE.



A GIRL OF VALENCIA WEAVERS AN ADDITIONAL DRESS



WOMEN OF MONTE ROSO IN THEIR FAMILIAR HAIR



A WOMAN OF AVILA



COSTLY JEWELLERY FROM LA ALBERCA, SALAMANCA



WOMAN OF CAMBRESIO, SALAMANCA IN JEWELLERY

LEARNING TO TREMBLE AT THE NAME OF ARMS:

WOMEN OF SPAIN; SOME OUTSTANDING TYPES.



WIDOWS OF LAGARTERA, TOLEDO



GIRL WEARING THE SPANISH "MANTON"



AN OLD WOMAN OF LAGARTERA, TOLEDO, AT CHURCH



WOMAN AND DAUGHTER OF ALISTE (ZAMORA)

While the men of Spain are in the fighting line, waging war against one another, or in hiding in fear of arrest and execution, the world has few thoughts to spare for the unhappy lot of their mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters. On these pages we reproduce some fine photographs of typical Spanish womanhood, from different Provinces and walks of life, but mostly of simple folk to whom, in all probability, the Civil War brought nothing

but bewilderment. The Valencian girl wears in her hair a gilded comb of a type from which, it is said, the Andalusian comb is derived. The women of Montehermoso favour a most fantastic form of head-dress. The ample hats cover the cheeks, but not the chin; while a handkerchief is drawn tightly across the lower part of the face. The hat is adorned with a variety of coloured wools, ribbons, shiny buttons, and a round mirror! The

"manton" is, of course, the Spanish shawl, or, rather, flounced mantle; and is worn all over Spain, but particularly in Andalusia. The most extraordinary and barbaric of the costumes is that of La Alberca. The head-covering is of very fine gauze adorned with lace. The bodice is of black velvet, open at the elbows, and ornamented with galleon and silver buttons. Over this are worn a variety of necklaces, of coral, and gold and silver filigree; with

medals, rosaries, crosses, amulets, and reliquaries hanging from them. The largest necklace goes twice round the neck and is made of a number of silver beads, big balls and bobbins. Hanging down from both shoulders are yet more silver chains. Over the skirt are worn two, or three, mantles, green, blue and black, adorned with gold braid. On top of all these is a leather apron edged with silver lace. This jewellery is believed to be of Arabian origin.

THE EXPLORATIONS OF SIR AUREL STEIN.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"ARCHÆOLOGICAL RECONNAISSANCES IN NORTH-WESTERN INDIA AND SOUTH-EASTERN IRÂN." By SIR AUREL STEIN.*

(PUBLISHED BY MACMILLAN.)

SIR AUREL STEIN'S new book is mainly an account of two archaeological expeditions in South-Eastern Persia, which he made in the spring of 1932 and the winter following. But this account is preceded by a couple of chapters from the Panjāb, treating special questions long debated by archaeologists.

The first arises out of Alexander's Indian campaign. Where, exactly, did he effect his secret crossing of the Hydaspes—the modern Jhelum river—to give battle to Poros? The place, we know from Arrian, was "a headland ascending from the bank at a point where the river made a

strange kinds of creatures. The struggling water [i.e., the stream feeding the tanks] is a clear brawling torrent; dragons, fish and other watery tribes move about in the cavernous depths; lotuses of the four colours cover the surface of the clear ponds; all kinds of fruit trees grow thick, making a splendour of various hues." And close to this beauty-spot "is the place at which the founder of the 'White-clothes' [i.e., Jaina] sect, having come to realise the principles for which he had been seeking, first preached his system, the place being now marked by a memorial, beside which a Deva-temple has been erected."

It was Sir Aurel who found this spot. His first field-work, in 1899, was done in the Salt Range, where he checked the identification of Simapura town with the modern ketās, and discovered Hsüan-tsang's "scene of sunshine" at Mūrti, "the place of sculptures." Here an exquisite little Hindu shrine had been dug about and ruthlessly plundered for building purposes; but the debris still yielded a mass of carved work, and small sculptured figures by the hundred. There seems to be nothing about these to determine whether they were intended for Jaina or for Brahminical worship, but they are at any rate much older than Hsüan-tsang, and their surroundings accord perfectly with the sylvan scene he described. (His intriguing statement about dragons may, Sir Aurel thinks, refer to the eels of Mūrti.) The result of the investigations of 1890 was never suitably published, and Sir Aurel has taken this opportunity to sum up the matter.

The main object of his work in South-Eastern Persia was to locate, if possible, prehistoric sites resembling those he had discovered in British Makrān—the ancient Gedrosia—and in Balūchistān. The new archaeologically virgin ground has answered his hopes, establishing a definite link between the chalcolithic culture of Makrān and the lower Indus and that of Susa, and promising a rich harvest for later field-work.

One of the most rewarding areas was the Bampūr river-basin. Near the fort of Bampūr, trial excavations yielded an abundance of painted pottery, with designs similar to those found in Makrān: geometrical motifs in great variety, "feathered" trees, leaf-and-garland patterns, and rows of naturalistic or stylised mountain sheep. At Khurāb was found a chalcolithic burial site, with a mass of funerary deposits: Sir Aurel notes that here, as at Makrān and Susa, a close relation

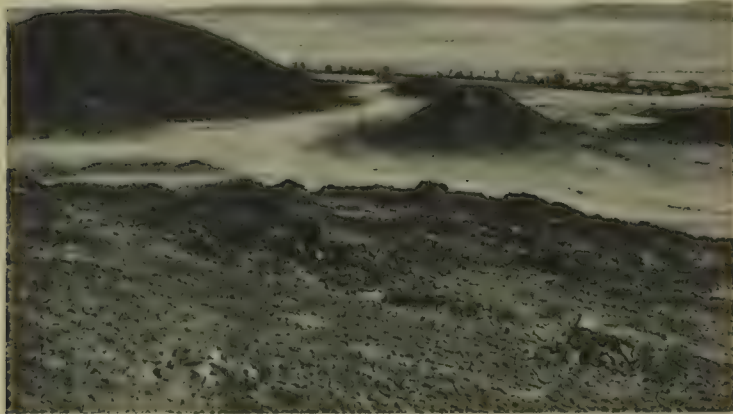
may be observed between the shape of the vessel and the type of ornament used on it. "Thus in the type represented by the numerous shallow flat-bottomed bowls, the painted decoration of the inside consists in the middle either of a Svastika usually 'fringed' or else of 'fringed' M-shapes. It is probable that these two motifs had a symbolic significance, but this has yet to be ascertained." At Chāh Hūsainī, lower down the river, worked stones, blades and scrapers could be picked up by hundreds, and digging uncovered a great deal of painted ware, mostly in geometric designs. Curves, leaf-shapes, etc., were very rare, trees and animal figures entirely absent, which suggests an earlier phase of chalcolithic culture than that of Bampūr. In the lower Halil Rūd basin other chalcolithic remains were found; higher up they gave place to sites indicating "late prehistoric" and pre-Muhammadan occupation, which in turn gave way to settlements of the Muhammadan period. From this gradual change Sir Aurel infers a gradual decrease in the volume of river-water, and a consequent movement of the population to higher ground. It is possible that in these higher regions buried chalcolithic sites may yet be uncovered.

Starting out again in the autumn from Kermān, Sir Aurel intended to explore the south-east of the Kermān province, and then proceed up the shores of the Gulf to Fārs. Unfortunately, from the very outset of this tour the commandant of the native escort made difficulties. First, he declared that his orders were to allow no survey

work of any kind—and confiscated what had been done beforehand. Then he put a stop to trial excavations. At the first promising site—Tal-i-Iblis, north of the Lālehzār river—he did, after some hesitation, consent to a little digging—provided it did not go too deep. When the workmen had got down eight or ten inches, he announced peremptorily that that was deep enough; Sir Aurel had to give way, nor did he again attempt trial excavations under these auspices. Even so, the material recovered from the now desert site of Tal-i-Iblis was enough to prove occupation during the chalcolithic period and that only. Its abandonment must have been due either to a shift of the river-course, or to a diminution in the volume of water; everywhere in South-Eastern Irān this problem of "desiccation" crops up.

Other sites were discovered, showing the usual contact with prehistoric culture in Makrān; but when, in one hamlet, a friendly villager mentioned three mounds to be seen in the neighbourhood, the commandant promptly arrested him on some unknown charge—whereupon all knowledge of the mounds was denied by everyone, including the "criminal." In these circumstances, Sir Aurel was glad to hasten his journey to Bandar Abbās on the coast, where a more enlightened local authority promised him assistance in the next stage of his expedition.

His aim was to explore the district eastward across the hill range, but again he met with an obstacle—this time, there was a local rising in progress. The country was full of armed men, apparently bad characters with an eye to plunder; indeed, they seem to have held off on one occasion only because they supposed the Europeans to be delving for buried treasure, and thought they might as well wait till it had been found. Chiefs refused to make themselves responsible for the expedition, which at last was obliged to turn back, recrossed the hill range, and went up the coast to Bushire. Here Sir Aurel found a two-months-old despatch from the Tehrān Government, instructing him,



AN ISOLATED ROCKY RIDGE RESEMBLING AN ISLAND RISING ABOVE THE LEVEL PLAIN OPPOSITE THE EAST OF THE BĀHŪ RIVER: THE SITE OF DAMBA-KŌH, WITH BURIAL CAIRNS, SEEN FROM THE SOUTH.

"Above the level plain east of the Bāhū River there rise abruptly isolated ridges resembling islands, and composed of layers of clay and calcareous sandstone." Damba-kōh, one of the largest of them, bears an extensive burial site. "The Damba-kōh site derives its special interest from the fact that here we find the burial cairns associated with remains which undoubtedly mark a place in contemporary occupation by the living."

remarkable bend, and this was thickly covered with all kinds of trees. Over against it lay an island covered with jungle, an untrodden and solitary place." Crossing behind this, Alexander found that, owing to ignorance of the locality, he had landed not on the mainland but on another island, "and that a great one": his men, therefore, had unexpectedly to ford a branch of the river swollen by recent rain. This is the sort of clue experts have had to go on, and there are others, also geographical—enough to furnish a very pretty piece of detective work. Alexander founded two towns to commemorate his exploit—Nikaia on the field of battle, and on the headland Boukephala, called after his famous horse, which died there of old age: Sir Aurel's conclusion is to identify Boukephala with the little town of Jalālpur. But we do not know how far the army advanced on the other side before giving battle, and therefore the exact site of Nikaia remains unfixed.

The second Indian journey takes us to the Salt Range—the Simapura of the early Chinese pilgrim Hsüan-tsang. "The soil of the country," Hsüan-tsang wrote laconically,



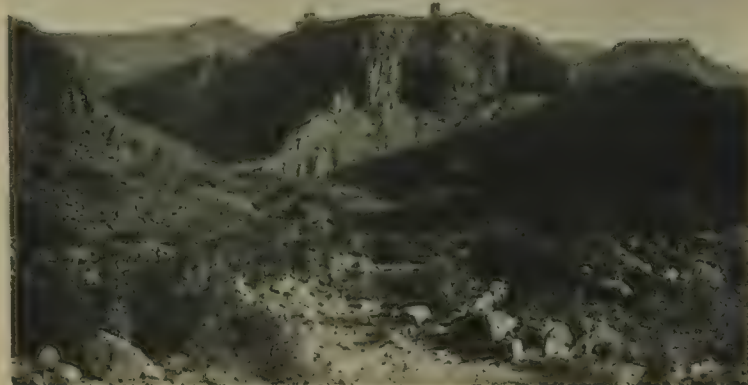
FROM THE RUINED TEMPLE OF MŪRTI: A CARVED LINTEL OF RED SANDSTONE, SHOWING, WITHIN A SUNK WINDOW-LIKE OPENING, CONFRONTING BUSTS OF A MALE AND A FEMALE.

"There was ample evidence to be found that long before its final vandal destruction the ruined temple of Mūrti had been plundered to supply sculptural materials both for Ketās and Chōa Saidan Shāh. From a faqīr's cave near the rest-house at the latter place I recovered by purchase two carved lintels of red sandstone."

Reproductions from "Archæological Reconnaissances in North-Western India and South-Eastern Irān," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publishers, Messrs. Macmillan.

"is fertile, the climate is cold, the people are rude, bold and deceitful." In the neighbourhood of the chief town "are more than ten tanks, 'a scene of sunshine.' Their banks are of carved stone, representing various forms and

* "Archæological Reconnaissances in North-Western India and South-Eastern Irān." Carried out, and Recorded with the Support of Harvard University and the British Museum, by Sir Aurel Stein, Honorary Fellow, Fogg Art Museum, Harvard University. Antiques Examined and Described with the Assistance of Fred. H. Andrews and Analysed in an Appendix by R. L. Hobson. With Illustrations, Plates of Antiques, Plans and Maps from Original Surveys. (Macmillan and Co.; £3 3s.).



NANDANA: A REMARKABLE HILL STRONGHOLD WHICH CLOSES A ROUTE LEADING DOWN STEEPLY FROM A PLATEAU OF THE EASTERN BRANCH OF THE SALT RANGE TO THE VILLAGE OF BĀGHĀNWĀLA AND THE OPEN RIVERINE PLAIN OF THE JHELMUM BEYOND IT.

"Muhammadan chronicles of India repeatedly mention the fort of Nandana and the pass in the Salt Range guarded by it in connection with the campaigns by which Mahmūd of Ghazna carried the sway of Islām into north-western India, and also with later events down to the thirteenth century." The late Mr. W. S. Talbot, who first correctly located the place, found the name Nandana still attaching to the hill stronghold here illustrated, which is seen from the valley below Bāghānwāla.

obviously on account of local unrest, to postpone all operations till the next year.

In three hundred and fifty miles of travel along the coast, he had found no chalcolithic remains whatever. Yet they do exist in the vicinity of the seashore, as was proved in 1913 by the investigation of a site near Bushire itself. Sir Aurel has a possible explanation of the hiatus: there is reason to believe that even within the last six hundred years the coast of the Gulf has "tilted downwards" in places, and if so, its earlier subsidence may well have drowned chalcolithic settlements.

Besides recording these chalcolithic discoveries, Sir Aurel has much to say about the old Islamic sites which lay in his route. He surveyed Tiz, in Persian Makrān, a flourishing seaport in the ninth and tenth centuries, where he found evidence of a local pottery manufacture. He surveyed the ancient city of Jiruft, once "the pleasantest of the provincial capitals," of which an Arab geographer wrote: "there are to be had here snow and fresh dates, walnuts and lemons"—but which "great and noble place" was in Marco Polo's time already "of little consequence." He surveyed Sirāf on the Gulf, another confusion of shapeless debris, once the chief port and the richest city of Persia. He visited Old Hurmūz, a "city of immense trade" in Marco Polo's day, and now barely discoverable; New Hurmūz, with its ruined Portuguese fortress—the supplanter of the old port, in turn abandoned now; and other places less known, now chiefly marked by their thousands upon thousands of graves. The book has many beautiful photographs, some of which create a positive nostalgia for these desert regions; the abundant geographical details are full of interest, and the narrative makes one realise very vividly the hardships and difficulties of pioneer work in such a country.

K. J.



THE CIVIL WAR IN SPAIN AS SEEN BY A SPANISH ARTIST WITH FRANCO: A BUGLER SOUNDING THE ADVANCE, AND VOLUNTEER *REQUETES* GOING "OVER THE TOP."

The Civil War in Spain, which has now lasted for more than a year, having begun on July 18, 1936, continues to drag on, spreading death and destruction in that country and disturbing the security of Europe. Our readers will recall that we have reproduced from time to time many dramatic drawings by Carlos de Tejada, an artist on General Franco's side, illustrating incidents of the struggle and typical

combatants. As in our issue of July 3, we now give a further example in colour. In a note on this drawing the artist explains that it shows volunteer *Requetés* starting out from their trenches to assault an enemy position, and he calls attention to the bombs which the men are carrying attached to their equipment straps. The man to the left of the bugler, it will be observed, wears a Sacred Heart badge.

FROM THE DRAWING BY CARLOS S. DE TEJADA.

The Scene of the "America's" Cup Races: A Decorative Chart of the Waters off Newport, Rhode Island, Showing the Various Courses from the Starting Buoy.

HISTORY OF SCHOONER "AMERICA".—Discovered by George Brown and built at Newport Rhode Island in 1857. She was the first schooner to win the America's Cup in 1857. She was built by George Brown and was the first schooner to win the America's Cup in 1857. She was built by George Brown and was the first schooner to win the America's Cup in 1857.

HISTORY OF THE RACES FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP

1851—Royal Yacht Squadron, R.Y.S. Cup Race around the Isle of Wight. No time allowance for rig or sail. 11 Schooners and cutters started. America, R.Y.S. First. America, R.Y.S. Second.

1859—Challenge from Royal Thames Y.C. Cutler, owner, M. James Ashbury. One race, over New York-Hat Club course, New York Bay. No time allowance. 23 other yachts started. Magic, N.Y.Y.C. First. Cutler, R.Y.S. Second.

1867—Challenge from Royal Canadian Y.C. Cutler, owner, M. James Ashbury. One race, over New York-Hat Club course, New York Bay. No time allowance. 23 other yachts started. Magic, N.Y.Y.C. First. Cutler, R.Y.S. Second.

1870—Challenge from Royal Canadian Y.C. Cutler, owner, M. James Ashbury. One race, over New York-Hat Club course, New York Bay. No time allowance. 23 other yachts started. Magic, N.Y.Y.C. First. Cutler, R.Y.S. Second.

1873—Challenge from Royal Canadian Y.C. Cutler, owner, M. James Ashbury. One race, over New York-Hat Club course, New York Bay. No time allowance. 23 other yachts started. Magic, N.Y.Y.C. First. Cutler, R.Y.S. Second.

1876—Challenge from Royal Canadian Y.C. Cutler, owner, M. James Ashbury. One race, over New York-Hat Club course, New York Bay. No time allowance. 23 other yachts started. Magic, N.Y.Y.C. First. Cutler, R.Y.S. Second.

1879—Challenge from Royal Canadian Y.C. Cutler, owner, M. James Ashbury. One race, over New York-Hat Club course, New York Bay. No time allowance. 23 other yachts started. Magic, N.Y.Y.C. First. Cutler, R.Y.S. Second.

1882—Challenge from Royal Canadian Y.C. Cutler, owner, M. James Ashbury. One race, over New York-Hat Club course, New York Bay. No time allowance. 23 other yachts started. Magic, N.Y.Y.C. First. Cutler, R.Y.S. Second.

1885—Challenge from Royal Canadian Y.C. Cutler, owner, M. James Ashbury. One race, over New York-Hat Club course, New York Bay. No time allowance. 23 other yachts started. Magic, N.Y.Y.C. First. Cutler, R.Y.S. Second.

1888—Challenge from Royal Canadian Y.C. Cutler, owner, M. James Ashbury. One race, over New York-Hat Club course, New York Bay. No time allowance. 23 other yachts started. Magic, N.Y.Y.C. First. Cutler, R.Y.S. Second.

1891—Challenge from Royal Canadian Y.C. Cutler, owner, M. James Ashbury. One race, over New York-Hat Club course, New York Bay. No time allowance. 23 other yachts started. Magic, N.Y.Y.C. First. Cutler, R.Y.S. Second.

1894—Challenge from Royal Canadian Y.C. Cutler, owner, M. James Ashbury. One race, over New York-Hat Club course, New York Bay. No time allowance. 23 other yachts started. Magic, N.Y.Y.C. First. Cutler, R.Y.S. Second.



THIS picture chart, the work of Major Ernest Clegg, a well-known cartographer, illustrates the courses that can be sailed in the great international yacht race for the "America's" Cup between Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith's "Endeavour II," the challenger, and Mr. Harold Vanderbilt's "Ranger," the defender. The race for the "America's" Cup is an extremely straightforward and very fair test of seamanship and skill. Both boats are built to the ordinary Lloyd's rules for yachts, implying a heavy substantial construction like that of any common cruising yacht classed in Lloyd's Register. "Endeavour II," is the fastest boat which the English designer, Mr. Charles Nicholson, has been able to build within the rules; "Ranger" the fastest that the American designers, Olin Stephens and W. Starling Burgess, could evolve. Much may result from comparatively small differences in the shape of the hulls. Much more, however, depends on the individual skill of the yachtsmen. The American Government contributes to an absolutely fair trial by providing patrol ships to keep the course clear. The contest is decided by the best out of seven races sailed in a good breeze. Light winds and calms are ruled out by a time-limit. The races are alternately 15 miles to windward and return, and over a 30-mile equilateral triangle. The competitors are normally started to windward. Thus the vessels are tested on all points of sailing, with special insistence on windward work, the truest test of a sailing boat. The starting and finishing line is placed nine miles south-east of Brenton Reef Lightship, which is off Newport, Rhode Island. At this time of year the prevailing winds are south-westerly, as a rule, light to moderate in force; and since the course is laid in the open sea the breeze may be expected to be steady. There is a certain amount of ocean swell even on the calmest days, but the tidal streams are slight and there are no local currents to perplex a navigator unfamiliar with these waters. In the borders of this chart are given details of the fifteen previous challenges for the "America's" Cup; and in the top left-hand corner, a history of the original schooner "America," which was handed over to the U.S. Naval Academy in 1921. We may recall that we illustrated a similar chart in monochrome in 1934; but we now give a reproduction in colour. The original is on exhibition at Messrs. Thomas Agnew's Galleries at 43, Old Bond Street.

AFTER THE COLOURED CHART
BY MAJOR ERNEST CLEGG

CHART OF THE WATERS BETWEEN
BLOCK ISLAND & MARTHAS VINEYARD
CHOSEN FOR THE RACES OF THE SIXTEENTH
INTERNATIONAL CHALLENGE FOR
THE AMERICA'S CUP
TO BE SAILED BETWEEN JULY 31ST AND OCTOBER 31ST 1937

SCALE OF NAUTICAL MILES

THISTLE—Challenger—designed by Charles Nicholson—built by George and Nathaniel, 1894. Sailed by R. H. L. Lupton—England.

VALKYRIE—Challenger—designed by Charles Nicholson—built by George and Nathaniel, 1894. Sailed by R. H. Lupton—England.

SHAMROCK—Challenger—designed by Charles Nicholson—built by George and Nathaniel, 1894. Sailed by R. H. Lupton—England.

URUTAN—defender—designed by Charles Nicholson—built by George and Nathaniel, 1894. Sailed by R. H. Lupton—England.

COLUMBIA—defender—designed by Charles Nicholson—built by George and Nathaniel, 1894. Sailed by R. H. Lupton—England.

RELIANCE—defender—designed by Charles Nicholson—built by George and Nathaniel, 1894. Sailed by R. H. Lupton—England.

PEPYS *into this* THIRST QUESTION

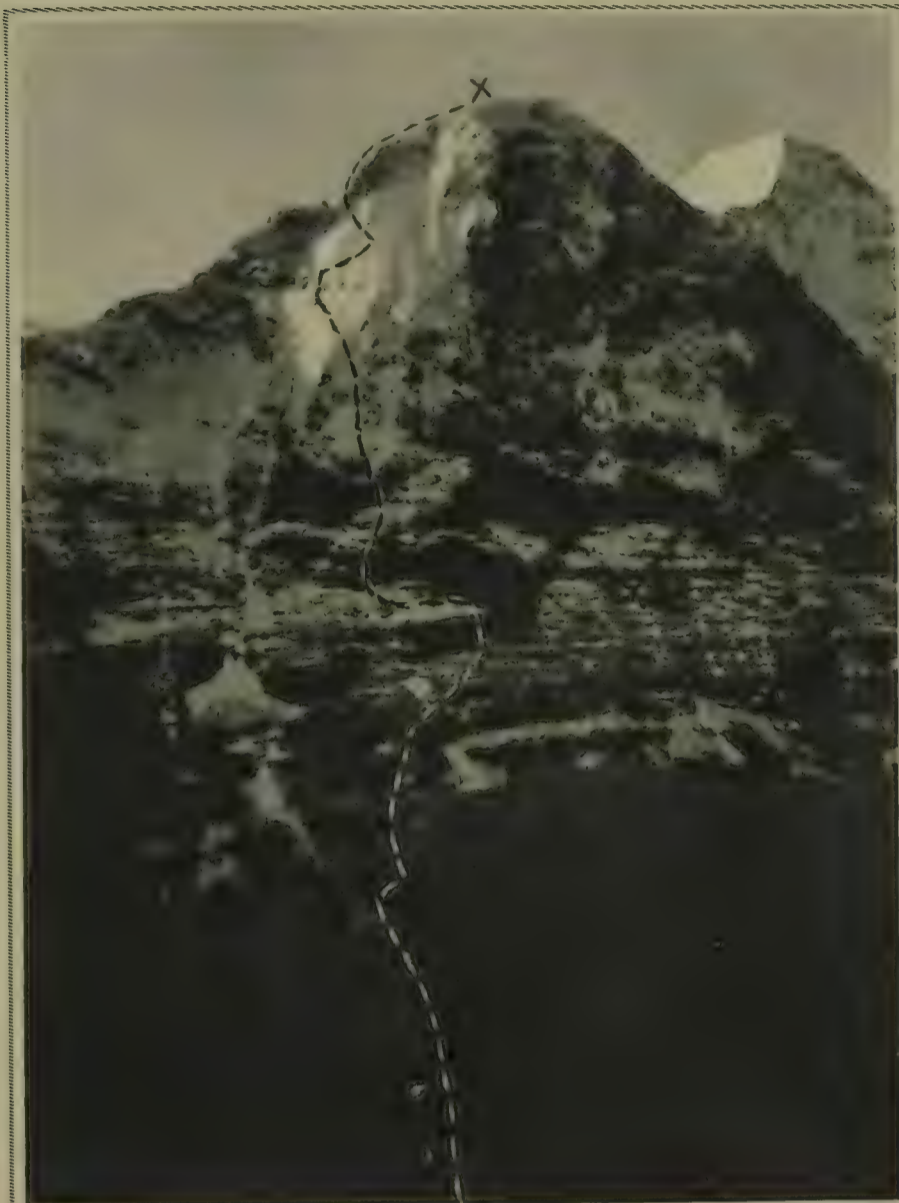
AUGUST 1ST Up early, and away in Mr. Fisher's motor carriage, with my wife, Mr. Fisher, his wife and their child Shirley, to our water party up the river. An ill journey, Mr. Fisher's carriage making much noise with little speed and not being intended by its makers for five persons and a meddlesome dog. Arrived at Marlow, we chartered a punt, Mr. Fisher guiding it (none too well) until we were come into a narrow backwater with a neighbouring inn. From which inn we fetched good store of Schweppes' Sparkling Grape Fruit and Sparkling Lime, proper drinks for sun-dry throats. So, upon a smooth green bank facing a great tree, we took our luncheon. And, wearied by the chatter of the child and the clamour of the dog, we were mightily thankful for the gentle solace of those cool drinks for which the House of Schweppes is justly famous.

BE SURE YOU SAY
Schwepes

PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS



DISASTER ON THE EIGER'S UNCONQUERABLE NORTH WALL, WHICH IT IS FORBIDDEN TO CLIMB—FINE 35 FRANCS!



THE SCENE OF SEVERAL MOUNTAINEERING DISASTERS: A VIEW OF THE NORTH-WEST FLANK OF THE EIGER WALL; SHOWING THE ROUTE FOLLOWED BY THE SALZBURG GUIDES FRANZ PRIMAS AND ALBERT GOLLACKNER, AND THE SPOT (MARKED WITH A CROSS) WHERE THE TWO MEN WERE FOUND BY THE SWISS RESCUE PARTY.



COMPLETELY EXHAUSTED AFTER HIS ORDEAL ON THE MITTELLEGI RIDGE: FRANZ PRIMAS (SEEN IN THE CENTRE; WEARING CAP) WITH HIS RESCUERS.

The north wall of the Eiger is reputed to be unscalable, and within the last two or three years there have been many disasters to climbers attempting the feat. At the present time, notices at the foot of the mountain declare that such attempts are forbidden under penalty of a fine of 35 francs—a ludicrous sum which does not deter the adventurous. Two Salzburg guides, Franz Primas and Albert Gollackner, set out recently on the climb and, on reaching the Mittellegi ridge, were unable



ONE OF THE SALZBURG GUIDES FOUND ALIVE AFTER HE HAD SPENT THREE NIGHTS ON THE MITTELLEGI RIDGE: THE RESCUE PARTY RETURNING WITH FRANZ PRIMAS (THIRD FROM THE END), WHO COULD SCARCELY WALK.



AFTER ATTEMPTING A CLIMB, FORBIDDEN UNDER PENALTY OF A FINE OF 35 FRANCS, DURING WHICH HIS COMPANION DIED: FRANZ PRIMAS BEING CARRIED BY GUIDE BOHREN FROM THE JUNGFRAUJOCH TO THE TUNNEL.

to proceed, as they were exhausted. A rescue party set out to find them, and discovered Primas lying on the snow-covered rock, barely alive after three nights without food, and his companion, Gollackner, dead. It was not possible to recover the body; but Primas, who could scarcely walk, was assisted with difficulty down to the Eismeer station of the Jungfrau Railway.

ABANDONED BY THE NANKING GOVERNMENT TROOPS IN THE

On July 8, Japanese troops engaged on manoeuvres near Lukouchiao, ten miles south-west of Peking, were fired on by Chinese troops and, in the subsequent fighting, three Japanese officers and seven soldiers were killed, and twenty-two were wounded; while the Chinese lost about a hundred men. Japan presented an ultimatum to General Song Cheh-yuan, calling upon him to withdraw the North China troops. This was rejected on July 27. The Japanese forces then launched an attack on Peking, after having assured the British Embassy.

(Continued below, right.)

TURNED INTO A PUBLIC PARK IN 1925: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE PEI-HAI ("SOWER SEA") LAKE SHOWING (IN THE FOREGROUND) HORTENSIA ISLAND, NEAR THE WHITE PAGODA DESCRIBED BY MARCO POLO, AND (IN THE BACKGROUND) THE FORBIDDEN CITY.



(Continued) that no bombs or artillery would be used against the City itself. On July 29, the Nanking Government troops abandoned the City and retired to Pao-tung-fou. British women and children had been advised, however, to take shelter in the Embassy. During the negotiations, minor skirmishes and "incidents" were common. One of these occurred at the West Gate of the Chinese City, the Chang I Men (Gate of Prolonged Righteousness), when ten lorries containing

SHOWING THE WU MEN (MERIDIAN GATE) ON THE LEFT AND, BEYOND IT, THE GOLDEN WATER RIVER, SPANNED BY FIVE MARBLE BRIDGES, AND THE HALL OF HARMONY: THE SOUTH AND CENTRAL SECTIONS OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY, PEKING.

NORTH CHINA FIGHTING: PEKING—AS SEEN FROM THE AIR.



(Continued) separate entity, and is protected by its own walls. There are sixteen gates in the walls surrounding Peking, nine of them leading into the Tartar City, and seven into the Chinese City. To the west of the Forbidden City lie three lakes, built and used by former Emperors for their pleasure, known respectively as the "North Sea," "Middle Sea," and "South Sea." The site occupied by the Altar of Heaven is no longer held in veneration, and the outer enclosure has served as quarters for Chinese troops on several occasions.

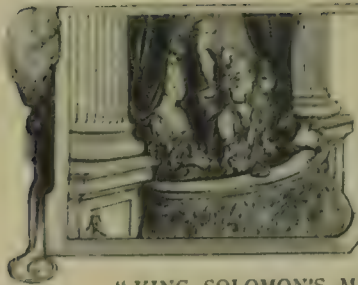
THE CH'EN MEN (FRONT GATE), WHICH LEADS FROM THE TARTAR CITY INTO THE CHINESE CITY: AN AERIAL VIEW SHOWING PART OF THE LEGATION QUARTERS, WITH THE U.S. MARINE'S BARRACKS AND THE AMERICAN LEGATION'S WIRELESS MAST.

Japanese troops were attacked with hand-grenades. Twenty soldiers were killed, and the others took refuge in a temple, where they were surrounded by Chinese troops. Subsequently they were permitted to leave, and were escorted to their barracks. Peking, whose name was officially altered to Peiping in 1928, is divided into two parts—the Tartar City, which contains the Imperial City and the Forbidden City—and the Chinese City. The Legation Quarter forms a

(Continued above, right.)

WHERE THE EMPEROR, UNTIL THE OVERTHROW OF THE MANCHU DYNASTY, MADE ANNUAL SACRIFICES TO HEAVEN, WITH GREAT CEREMONY: THE ALTAR OF HEAVEN, BUILT OF WHITE MARBLE IN 1491; AND, BEYOND IT, THE TEMPLE OF THE GOD OF THE UNIVERSE.





The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.



"KING SOLOMON'S MINES."

FORTY-ONE years ago Sir Henry Rider Haggard wrote an adventure story that was destined to become a classic of its kind. The present generation may not have absorbed that colourful yarn as did the youngsters of 1886, who filched every free moment of their schooldays to follow in the footsteps of the white hunter, Allan Quatermain, and his companions. Yet even to-day "King Solomon's Mines" and its successors, "She" and "Allan Quatermain," are titles that have not lost their meaning, representing as they do an "Open Sesame" to a treasure-house of rousing romance. Rider Haggard was an acknowledged authority on rural and agricultural questions. I do not know whether he turned from the graver aspects of his work, embodied in his studies of the land and the conditions of the labourer, to his travellers' tales in search of relaxation, but certainly his novelistic invention has a fine and joyous flourish. Moreover, his intimate knowledge of Africa, whither he went as a youth of nineteen and where, in 1878, he became Master of the High Court of the Transvaal, has provided his stories with an authenticity of background and has enveloped the fabulous with an air of potential truth which persuades the reader into momentary and very willing credulity as long as the spell lasts. And it lasts from cover to cover of the famous books, or did when I was young.

If the potency of that spell has suffered some evaporation in the spectacular adaptation of "King Solomon's Mines," a Gaumont-British picture presented at the Gaumont, Haymarket, the explanation may be two-fold. Perhaps a long course of extreme realism on the screen has hardened our susceptibilities to more imaginative thrills. Yet the

us it was in the Kalahari Desert, the Drakensburg Mountains, and the poetically-named Valley of a Thousand Hills, where an immense native kraal to house over four thousand warriors and their families was constructed. The information has a heroic sound about it that accords well with the size and sweep of an ambitious picture. The trek over leagues of grassland and its final stages on foot



THE FILM OF "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," AT THE GAUMONT, HAYMARKET: UMBOPA (PAUL ROBESON) HAVING "SMELT OUT" WATER IN THE DESERT, ENABLES THE PARCHED AND WEARY ADVENTURERS TO QUENCH THEIR THIRST AT LAST.

In the photograph are Cedric Hardwicke as Allan Quatermain, Paul Robeson as Umbopa, Anna Lee as Kathy O'Brien, Roland Young as Commander Good, and John Loder as Henry Curtis.

through illimitable wastes of sun-baked sand, swept by a most convincing sand-storm and offering to the exhausted travellers the last-minute mercy of a muddy water-hole, is an impressive reconstruction of a perilous expedition, wherever it may have been filmed. When the party falls into the hands of the usurper of Umbopa's throne and his tool, the ancient witch, Gagool (whose sinister and wrinkled mask hides the features of Miss

Sydney Fairbrother!), to escape their horrid fate by the "magic" of the sun's most fortunate eclipse, the excitement grows to pulse-stirring dimensions in the old hag's hunt for her master's enemies, in the frenzy of native dances, the welter of tribal warfare, and the sensational climax within the mines. Here the lake of seething lava, a witch's cauldron in the cavernous depths of the mountain that blazes angrily when the toppling boulders break its surface, and the eruption from which the imprisoned whites narrowly escape, are technical achievements of a high order even in these days of astonishing screen-craft. The director, Mr. Robert Stevenson, has created an atmosphere of suspense strong enough to withstand an inclination to prolong some of the situations. He has handled his pictorial and spectacular effects with masterly skill, moulding the whole into a first-rate entertainment, in which Mr. Paul Robeson and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, whose Allan Quatermain has a quiet strength, are the dominating figures. Mr. John Loder as Henry Curtis, and Miss Anna Lee as the wilful Irish heroine who diverts the big-game hunters from their path, have little opportunity to be other than conventional characters of romance—and Miss Lee a trifle too coy at that; but Mr. Roland Young's comedy methods are admirably employed in the part of Commander Good, whose monocle and "beautiful white legs" seemed the attributes of a god in the eyes of the untutored natives, and thus won a respite for the intrepid discoverers of King Solomon's mines.

MOLLY PICON, A JEWISH COMEDIENNE.

A Jewish comedy whose chief protagonists drive no shrewd bargains, do not indulge in acidulated back-chat

à la Potash and Perlmutter, and are, indeed, a feckless, happy-go-lucky crew, is something of a novelty. When, in addition, the star is Miss Molly Picon, who has no claim to conventional good looks and no objection to turning the laugh against herself, the resultant entertainment may be heartily recommended to all who like a fresh, unsophisticated, and unusual picture. For "Yiddle with his Fiddle," which hails from Warsaw and had already enjoyed a two months' run in New York before arriving at the Academy Cinema, is unusual, despite the familiar outline of its story. Translated into the Yiddish of the dialogue, the title takes on a softer modulation. "Yidel mit en fiedel" is the daughter of an impecunious 'cellist, who persuades her father to embark on the open road in search of a livelihood. The two presently complete their orchestra by joining up with a couple of rival musicians, one of whom is a personable young man obviously cut out for the necessary romance. The adventures of these good companions during their merry vagabondage, and the heroine's triumphant, but entirely unpremeditated, *début* as a cabaret performer, give Miss Picon every opportunity to exploit her droll personality, to introduce the songs which have made her famous, and to strengthen the slight fabric of the story with her infectious gaiety. Yidel, as I prefer to call her, finds it expedient to face the vicissitudes of the highways garbed as a boy, thus complicating in classic fashion the course of true love. Her black curls austere hidden under a utilitarian and battered tweed cap, her feet encased in a pair of outsize boots, she is transformed into an awkward, cheeky hobbledohoy with something Chaplinesque about her, not only in her appearance and her gait, but in her resourceful humour, which has the undercurrent of pathos of the true clown. She can turn from laughter to tears with consummate ease, and the racial sentimentality of her more emotional moments, which, in the main, find a musical expression, is so much part and parcel of her individuality that it rings true. The picture rambles lightheartedly through the Polish

countryside and little, clustering towns on its way to Warsaw. It is, perhaps, a trifle loosely knit, since it is quite definitely designed to create situations for the star's particular benefit. But it is never dull, it is directed with an appreciation of the brevity of wit, and its sidelights on Jewish custom, as at the wedding-feast of an unwilling bride altruistically abducted by the concert-party, are diverting. The production has the unpretentious jollity of an open-air holiday, to which Miss Picon contributes constant entertainment, with the support of an excellent company of Jewish players.



"YIDDLE WITH HIS FIDDLE," NOW AT THE ACADEMY: THE COMRADES, YIDDLE (MOLLY PICON), ARIE (S. FOSTEL), FROM (L. LIEBGOLD), AND IKEY (M. BOZYK), ON THEIR WAY TO PLAY AT GOLD'S WEDDING.

"Yiddle and his Fiddle" came to London by way of Warsaw and New York, and is a Jewish comedy made by a Polish company. It was directed by Joseph Green and J. N. Przybylski.



THE FILM OF "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," AT THE GAUMONT, HAYMARKET: ALLAN QUATERMAIN (CEDRIC HARDWICKE) BIDS FAREWELL TO UMBOPA (PAUL ROBESON) AFTER HE HAS BEEN PLACED ON THE THRONE OF THE KUKUANAS, AND, WITH HIS PARTY, RETURNS TO CIVILISATION.

"King Solomon's Mines," at the Gaumont, Haymarket, is a Gaumont-British picture, with story from the world-famous Rider Haggard romance, directed by Robert Stevenson. In this photograph, in addition to Paul Robeson and Cedric Hardwicke, are seen John Loder, Anna Lee, and Roland Young.

stubborn success at the Tivoli of the Utopian legend "Lost Horizon" would seem to refute that supposition. I would rather seek the reason for an occasional halting of the narrative's smooth development in Mr. Paul Robeson's vocal contributions, though I yield to none in my admiration of his sonorous baritone. The magnificent Umbopa, serving as humble porter to the party of whites who set out to find King Solomon's mines, and himself in quest of his lost throne, might admittedly burst into song as he strides ahead of the Cape cart with its team of oxen. But even Mr. Robeson, having come near to death in the uncharted desert, could scarcely spare sufficient breath to rouse the answering echoes in the mountains the while he climbs their almost inaccessible peaks. Nor would he, safely installed on the throne of his ancestors, whence an usurper has been ousted in bloody battle, be inclined to treat his warriors to melodious, but Europeanised, cadences that fall pleasantly on the ear—as, indeed, do all three of Mr. Mischa Spoliansky's compositions—but pluck the hearer out of the spirit and the spell of the play. However, where Mr. Robeson is there must be music, and the negro actor is in all respects so eminently right for the part of the princely porter that occasional tuneful digressions must, and will, be easily condoned. In any case, "King Solomon's Mines" is not a subject to be fettered by fact. It is a fine piece of showmanship, in which the African exteriors and the studio shots have been skilfully welded. Much of the picture was filmed in South Africa by a unit under the leadership of Mr. Geoffrey Barkas, who was responsible for the impressive location settings of "Rhodes of Africa." Exactly where the unit worked is of no consequence, though publicity informs

THE SINO-JAPANESE CLASH IN NORTH CHINA; AND PEKING PREPARATIONS.



THE MARCO POLO BRIDGE, SCENE OF THE EARLY SINO-JAPANESE FIGHTING, WITH ONE OF THE GATES OF WANPINGSHIEN SEEN IN THE DISTANCE: A GRACEFUL MARBLE STRUCTURE WHOSE ELEVEN ARCHES SPAN THE YUNGTING RIVER.



AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT OF WANPINGSHIEN, THE COUNTY SEAT, BY JAPANESE TROOPS: AN OFFICIAL STANDING AMONG THE RUINS OF A GUEST-ROOM AT THE DISTRICT ADMINISTRATION OFFICES.



A PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE AT PEKING WHEN THE NEWS OF THE CLASH AT LIUKOUCHIAO WAS RECEIVED: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING ONE OF THE SIXTEEN GATES INTO THE CITY CLOSED AND UNDER GUARD.



ARRANGEMENTS FOR DEFENDING PEKING, WHICH WAS HOWEVER, ABANDONED ON JULY 29: A SANDBAG-PROTECTED MACHINE-GUN POST AT AN IMPORTANT CROSS-ROADS, ONE OF MANY HASTILY ERECTED IN THE STREETS.



RECONNOITRING IN THE VICINITY OF THE BATTLE AREA: TROOPERS OF A CAVALRY UNIT OF THE FAMOUS CHINESE 29TH "ROUTE" ARMY WITH THEIR "BIG SWORDS" STRAPPED ACROSS THEIR BACKS.



PARADING WITH POSTERS URGING THE 29TH ARMY TO DEFEND THE NATIONAL TERRITORY IN ORDER TO AVOID BECOMING EXILES LIKE THEMSELVES: STUDENTS WHO FLED TO PEKING AFTER THE JAPANESE OCCUPATION OF MANCHURIA.

The Marco Polo Bridge, which was the scene of the early Sino-Japanese fighting, is substantially in the same condition as when it astonished the great traveller himself. Graceful and of marble, it has eleven arches which span the turbulent Yungting River, and at one end is a gate leading into the town of Wanpingshien, the object of a Japanese bombardment, from which the Chinese eventually withdrew their troops. Opposing the Japanese was the famous 29th "Route" Army, which put up a gallant resistance against Japanese troops at Shanghai some time ago. Liukouchiao is only

ten miles south-west of Peking, and, when news of the clash was received, the city was placed under martial law and the gates were closed and guarded. Meanwhile, sandbag emplacements for machine-guns were hastily built at strategic points along the broad thoroughfares and narrow alleys. However, in the early morning of July 29, the Chinese troops abandoned the city and the defence works were pulled down. The commander of the 29th Army, General Sung Cheh-yuan, left for Paotingfu, after handing over to General Chang Tzu-chung, a former mayor of Tientsin.

NEW LIGHT ON THE ISLAND THAT ONCE GAVE EUROPE ITS "PARIS FASHIONS":

DISCOVERIES IN CYPRUS, FAMOUS IN THE MIDDLE AGES FOR ITS WEALTH AND ITS GORGEOUS SILKS AND FABRICS.

By TAMARA TALBOT RICE. (See also Illustrations on opposite Page.)

TO-DAY Cyprus is little more than a backwater newly discovered by a few persevering travellers. In early mediæval times, however, the island came into close and constant touch with Europe, occasionally even influencing and directing industry and fashion on that continent. Although the journey then took considerably longer than it does now, it appears to have been quite frequently made, and a record dated to 1362 treats it entirely as a matter of course that Cypriot and Armenian knights should participate side by side with some from Spain at a tournament held at Smithfield, in London.

Journeys of this type suggest that the Cypriots who undertook them possessed considerable wealth, and it is interesting to find that the memory of the great prosperity of their ancestors survived among the islanders to the eighteenth century, when they were themselves in a condition of dire poverty, and the island as a whole reduced by the Turkish conquest of 1571 to a state of complete stagnation. The distinguished traveller Heyman, who visited the island in 1700, wrote in all seriousness then that he had been told that, "in former times the inhabitants of Cyprus were famed for voluptuousness and magnificence. The most common utensils among all people of fashion were silver; and not a peasant's cottage to be seen without several pieces of plate. The rich even grew tired of their horses, and both in the country and town would use only mules."

In early mediæval times Cyprus was renowned for her marvellous metal-work and superb textiles. Writing of the metal-work, Froissart relates with wonder that, in 1397, King James II. of Cyprus "had a ship made of gold, curiously wrought, that might be worth ten thousand ducats, which he sent by his knights as a present to the Sultan Bajazet. It was beautifully worked, and was graciously accepted by the Sultan, who replied that he would return him

double the value in courtesy and affection." Still to-day the quality of the metal-work produced in Nicosia is extremely fine, but a recent journey of research undertaken in the island failed to discover any vessels of the type and date referred to by Froissart. Obviously, it was all either melted down or exported some time after the middle of the sixteenth century, when the island entered upon its period of decline. The only piece of early metal-work which the expedition found was a bronze Bible binding (illustrated on this page). It is mid-mediæval in date, of the Byzantine style, and of good, though provincial workmanship.

References to Cypriot textiles abound in mediæval records and literature. At that date they were so highly prized in Europe, that in 1398 the Duke of Bourbon did not hesitate to send his furrier all the way to Cyprus to purchase stuffs and embroideries for him there. The historian Heyd, in his monumental work, "The Commerce of the Levant," regards Cyprus as an extremely important centre of textile manufacture from early mediæval times. Nicosia and Famagusta were especially renowned for the fine "camelots" they manufactured, as well as their "Fils d'or." The latter were so characteristic of Cyprus that they were known in Europe as "or de Chypre" or "drap d'or de Chypre," and were in very great demand. By the end of the thirteenth century Italy had found it worth her while to produce textiles similar to those of Cyprus for the cities with which she herself traded and that were not themselves in direct touch with

Cyprus, such as Champagne, London, Paris and Bruges. It seems, however, that the textiles which she imported from Cyprus were of a finer quality than those she produced, and she therefore retained them for home consumption.

In the middle ages Cyprus ranked side by side with Alexandria, Tripoli, Damascus, Antioch, Syria, Asia Minor and Greece as one of the most important centres of production of baldechino, camocato, marmato, nacco, sciamito or samit, zendado or cendal, bacchino, bucherame and camelotto, all of them the luxury textiles of that date.

The expedition sent out to Cyprus by the Courtauld Institute was fortunate in discovering there extremely likely, though only indirect, corroboration of the statements made by Heyd and other historians. They were found on a number of icons showing the figures of donors,

many of whom were very elaborately dressed (see illustrations on opposite page). Cleaning and a close examination of these figures disclosed that many of them are wearing clothes made of extremely fine textiles, and although the designs on these textiles occasionally clearly recall those of Byzantium, whilst at other times they bear a marked resemblance to those of Italy, they are often also essentially unlike any produced either in Byzantium or in the West. Thus, although the icons fail to furnish definite proof that the donors shown on them wear clothes made of any of the fabrics mentioned above, or that any of them were made of materials actually woven in Cyprus, there is equally no reason why we should not suppose that a great number of them were of local manufacture. Those shown on panels dated earlier than the end of the fourteenth century, display marked Byzantine influence, confronted eagles or the Christian symbol of the fish being used to form extremely decorative designs. After that date the pomegranate and the artichoke, lozenges and cones form the leit-motifs of the designs, thus pointing to Western, and mainly Italian, influence. In the main, however, they seem to receive a larger and freer treatment here than in Italy, and this again appears to confirm their Cypriot origin.

Textiles similar to these had made Cyprus a byword at mediæval European courts, but in the second half of the fourteenth century Cyprus and her inhabitants were to exercise still greater influence over Europe as a result of the travels of their king, Peter I, Lusignan, in Italy and France. Already at this date the king's gallantry, his taste in dress, and his innate elegance had won him a European reputation. After 1365 he was renowned also for his chivalry, his daring in battle against the Turks, and for his dashing capture of Alexandria. Henceforth he was spoken of as the brightest flower of knighthood, and his exploits inspired the poet Machaut to write one of the most moving of all mediæval chronicles, "La Prise d'Alexandrie."

However, before warfare had come wholly to occupy his thoughts, his interest in clothes was such that, backed by the fine textiles and embroideries at his disposal, he almost succeeded in placing Cyprus in the same position as that which France holds to-day in the dressmaking world. Ultimately, probably as a direct result of the king's influence in fashion, actual pieces of Cypriot costume were adopted at European courts, and one in particular, the cypriana, became the rage, and was worn till moralists cried out in protest against it. It has been described as "a garment covered in gold embroidery and designed to cover as little as possible of the upper part of the body."



A FINE EXAMPLE OF THE CYPRIOT METAL-WORKER'S CRAFT, WHICH PRODUCED SOME GORGEOUS MASTERPIECES IN THE MIDDLE AGES: A BRONZE REPOUSSÉ BIBLE-COVER OF ABOUT 1400, EMBODYING BOTH BYZANTINE AND GOTHIC CHARACTERISTICS.

This Bible-cover was discovered in the church of St. George at Kalapanioti, and is a good example of the high standard of work attained by provincial craftsmen at this date. The style of the whole cover is Byzantine, but the floral border and the Gothic form of the inner border are essentially Cypriot.



A RICH TEXTILE IN A STYLE FOR WHICH CYPRUS WAS FAMED IN THE MIDDLE AGES: SILK FABRIC REPUTED TO BE OF CYPRIOT MANUFACTURE; IN THE MUSEO CIVICO, AT VENICE.

**NEW LIGHT ON THE
ISLAND THAT ONCE
GAVE EUROPE ITS
"PARIS FASHIONS":
FINE CYPRIOT ICONS IN
WHICH EAST AND WEST ARE
STRANGELY BLENDED.**

Left:
THE MEETING OF
EAST AND WEST
IN MEDIEVAL
CYPRUS: AN ICON
OF ST. NICOLAS
(c. 1300) WITH A
FIGURE OF A
KNIGHT IN ARMOUR
(LEFT; BELOW).

Right:
A CYPRIOT ICON
WITH A WOMAN IN
CLOTHES CHARAC-
TERISTIC OF THOSE
WORN IN CYPRUS
(EARLY SIX-
TEENTH CENTURY);
IN THE MONASTERY
OF KUTZOVENTO.



ANOTHER EARLY SIXTEENTH-CENTURY CYPRIOT ICON;
WITH THE DONORS' FAMILY IN CLOTHES OF THE
PERIOD. (AGIOS CASSIANOS, NICOSIA.)



A CYPRIOT ICON IN WHICH THE DONORS' CLOTHES SHOW
ITALIAN FEATURES (EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY); EVIDENCE
OF WESTERN INFLUENCE.



AN ICON THROWING LIGHT ON OLD
CYPRIOT TEXTILES; SHOWING FABRICS
WITH REMARKABLY BOLD PATTERNS.



FURTHER LIGHT ON THE ONCE-FAMOUS CYPRIOT
TEXTILE INDUSTRY FROM AN ICON: THE PATTERN
OF A VIRGIN'S ROBE (SIXTEENTH CENTURY).



AN ICON WITH THE DONORS IN COSTUME THAT
IS PRACTICALLY VENETIAN, IN CONTRAST WITH
THE FORMAL BYZANTINE CHRIST.



ANOTHER TEXTILE FROM A CYPRIOT ICON WHICH
IS REMARKABLY ITALIAN IN PATTERN; THOUGH
THE STYLISED FLORAL MOTIF MAY BE EASTERN.

The photographs and details of Cypriot icons reproduced on this page were obtained by Mrs. Talbot Rice during an expedition to Cyprus which her husband, Professor Talbot Rice, undertook on behalf of the Courtauld Institute in London. The icon on the right of the middle row of those reproduced above is of particular interest, as it shows clearly the pattern on the robes of the Madonna

and the infant Christ's shirt. The artist has taken so much trouble in reproducing every detail that there can be no question that he was copying from existing materials, which, it seems, were manufactured locally. As described in the article on the opposite page, Cyprus was famous for its luxury fabrics in mediæval Europe, particularly in the fourteenth century.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

LAST week, I discussed books concerning England and the preservation of her rural beauty, and it seems fitting, by way of sequel, to consider other parts of the British Isles. This week's books, however, are not all topographical, but include excursions into biography and politics. First comes a memorial tribute to the greatest Scottish writer of our day, "JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE": An Appreciation. By Professor James A. Roy. With seventeen illustrations (Jarrolds; 10s. 6d.). This does not profess to be a complete biography, but it traces the outline of Barrie's life-story and achieves the principal aim of biography by portraying the essential spirit of the man. I have found it very delightful reading, because of the sympathy and understanding with which the author reveals Barrie's elusive personality and suffuses the scenes and memories of his early home life with nostalgic emotion. Professor Roy's interpretation of the books and plays, as expressing Barrie's philosophy, shows penetrating insight.

Among the illustrations is a photograph showing Barrie in his robes as Chancellor of Edinburgh University with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, on whom he had just conferred an honorary LL.D. When Barrie died on June 19 last, he had been looking forward to the great day when it would have fallen to his lot to confer a similar honour on our young Scottish Queen. There are close historical links between her Majesty's birthplace and the neighbouring town of Kirriemuir (better known perhaps as "Thrums") where the author of "Auld Licht Idylls" and "The Little Minister" was born. "In 1562," we read, "Mary Queen of Scots spent a night at Glamis Castle, a few miles south of the town, on her way to suppress Huntly's rebellion in the north. . . . In the '15 Lord Strathmore marched from Glamis to Sherrifmuir, where he and many of the lads from Kirriemuir died bravely for the Jacobite cause." The origin of the fictitious name that Barrie gave to Kirriemuir is a point I have never seen elucidated elsewhere. Professor Roy quotes the explanation from "The Regality of Kirriemuir," by Alan Reid, who says: "The word is simply the local technical term for threads, a bunch of which hung on every loom in the old weaving days. These thrums were the ends of warp."

Barrie's contacts with other writers and with the theatrical world provide many anecdotes and allusions. Among the most interesting are his friendships with Meredith and Hardy, and correspondence with Stevenson (a kindred spirit indeed) far away in Samoa. Other literary affinities are aptly recalled by Professor Roy. "There is something of Barrie," he writes, "in Maeterlinck. Alfred Sutro records that he once took Maeterlinck to see Barrie in his flat in Adelphi. When he was asked to write his name on the whitewashed wall of the study Maeterlinck added, 'Au père de Peter Pan et au grandpère de L'Oiseau Bleu.' But the modern writer to whom Barrie is most closely akin in spirit, is Hans Andersen."

I never had the honour of meeting Barrie, but a year or two ago, when the offices of this paper were in Aldwych, I used frequently to pass in the street there a man resembling his portraits. If it was indeed Barrie, he may have been thinking of the days when he was a struggling journalist in Nottingham. "His aim," we read, "was to get to London, to make a name for himself there. So he worked hard out of office hours. He wrote articles and sketches which he sent regularly to London and just as regularly were they returned. . . . At last he had his reward. He sent an article on 'Gretna Green Re-visited' to the editor of *The Illustrated London News*, and, to his great delight, it was accepted."

For the sake of quoting some Barrie anecdotes, I shall now trespass beyond my geographical limits into a book by another famous novelist and playwright who does not belong to the "Celtic fringe," but, in spite of all temptations (especially in California), remains an Englishman. I refer to "DISTANT FIELDS": A Writer's Autobiography. By Horace Annesley Vachell. Illustrated (Cassell; 12s. 6d.). Mr. Vachell, however, has both Scottish and Irish as well as English elements in his composition, for, writing of his mother, he says: "She had a strong tincture of the Irish Annesleys' blood; she was born a Macleod, one of the brave daughters of Skye, a great-great-granddaughter of Macleod of Macleod. Her father took the name of Annesley when he inherited the estates of his uncle, the last Earl of Mountnorris, Byron's 'vain Valentinia.' On her mother's side she was English." Apart from atavistic considerations, the following anecdote may qualify Mr. Vachell for inclusion in the present

gallery. "A Scot said that he could remember the day when he was born; he could remember being washed by the nurse and took note of her remark: 'Ma wee mannie, ye'll never like watter.' He added: 'The wumman was richt, A' never did.'"

Few literary autobiographies that I have come across have proved so beguiling as this of Mr. Vachell's. It is compact of humour and vivacity, and simply teems with amusing yarns, though it has its serious side, especially during the war years. Moreover, it contains much matter of deep interest to the noble army of scribes, in personal references to numerous celebrities, and in discussion of such questions as the relative difficulties and advantages of novel-writing and play-writing. Years ago I reviewed one of his early novels, "The Face of Clay," and I am interested to read Mr. Vachell's recollections of the reviews in general. "After *The Hill*," he says, "I wrote *The Face of Clay*, a Breton romance. The Press notices were amusingly contradictory; praise and blame were ladled out too indiscriminately. One has to take, as Mr. Baldwin observed to Mr. Eden, the roses and the brickbats." I feel sure that I did not heave

vanished, melted into thin air when standing still in the centre of the stage, the audience would surely be left breathless with excitement! Harrison was keen to consult Maskelyne at once; and I think he did; but he had to consult his author. Barrie objected to the introduction of a trick, and his instinct as a dramatist served him well. His own immense public, the moment the thrill passed, would have said: 'Yes, yes, very effective, but not Barrie. No, no—Maskelyne.'"

After two books so redolent of geniality it is depressing to enter an atmosphere of political hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness such as permeates a memoir of an Irish revolutionary leader—"THE BIG FELLOW": A Life of Michael Collins. By Frank O'Connor. With Frontispiece Portrait (Nelson; 10s. 6d.). As a literary work this is a powerful book full of thrilling incidents, but its theme is so steeped in partisanship that it will doubtless receive fervent plaudits in some quarters and in others execration. Without having any particular bias, one cannot but feel revolted by all the grim and unnecessary bitterness shown on both sides throughout the years, and long for the day when a reasonable spirit of tolerance may super-vene. The character of Michael Collins, always a matter of interest, to say nothing of dispute, is, as here portrayed, sometimes repellent in its violence, sometimes winning because of his devotion to an ideal and his kindness towards associates in trouble.

How he came by the nickname that gave this book its title is told in a passage describing his internment in England after the Easter Rebellion of 1916. It tells much about his personality. "With the 'forward' group and most of the young men Collins was on good terms . . . but with the older men and the moderates generally he was on very uneasy terms. They disliked his thrusting ways—his demand for more and more violent methods. All temperament, he made no attempt to conceal his feelings towards them; with a scowl, a thrust of the jaw, a toss of the head, he called them to their faces, 'cowards,' 'bloody lousers,' and 'ould cods.' His companions summed up that side of him in one scornful phrase, the Big Fellow! 'Collins thinks he's a big fellow,' they repeated. The nickname stuck; henceforth he was the Big Fellow, and the story of his brief life is the story of how he turned the scornful nickname into one of awe and affection."

Michael Collins is described as "a dynamic soldier," but he had little opportunity of proving his capacity in a large-scale campaign. His story, it is pointed out, is one of "intrigue and counter-intrigue, ambush and espionage—an underground war fought fiercely in the heart of Dublin, while the daily life of the city went on." Ultimately, during the civil war in Southern Ireland after the Treaty, he fell a victim to a method of fighting which, as frankly recorded by Mr. O'Connor, he had himself often practised or directed. Regarding his death, the author writes: "It destroyed the Sinn Féin movement and all the high hopes that were set in it. . . . It destroyed the prospect which, we are only just beginning to realise, Collins' life opened up: fifteen years, perhaps more or less, of hard work, experiment, enthusiasm; all that tumult and pride which comes of the dictatorship of a man of genius, who embodies the best that is in the nation."

The career of Michael Collins falls into its place and assumes its relative importance in a general history (which, by the way, his biographer praises) entitled "THE IRISH REPUBLIC": A Documented Chronicle of the Anglo-Irish Conflict and the Partitioning of Ireland, with a Detailed Account of the Period, 1916-1923. By Dorothy Macardle. With a Preface by Eamon de Valera (Gollancz; 25s.). Commending this book to students of Irish history,

Mr. de Valera, after admitting divisions of opinion in Ireland, continues: "The first thing necessary for any sound estimate is to secure the evidence of the facts. . . . Hitherto it has been almost impossible for the student of Irish affairs to acquaint himself fully with these. Miss Macardle's book supplies the complete and authoritative record required. In it the story of the whole seven years is told, with the necessary relevant review of the preceding periods. . . . She writes as a Republican, but constantly refers the reader to sources of information on the opposite side." The book is fully documented and indexed. The author's hopes for the future are expressed in her concluding words: "A generation of Englishmen with new ideals of statecraft is taking the reins of power. Perhaps this generation may make anew the opportunity that, in 1921, was so tragically wasted." C. E. B.



"A LANDSCAPE."—BY PHILIPS DE KONINCK (1619-1688): ONE OF THE WORKS OF SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY DUTCH ARTISTS NOW ON EXHIBITION IN THE KATZ GALLERY, AT DIEREN, NEAR ARNHEM.—[See Pages 250-251. Size: 81 by 104 cm.]



DETAIL OF A RECENTLY DISCOVERED REMBRANDT WHICH IS TO BE SEEN IN THE KATZ GALLERY: STILL LIFE IN "A MUSICAL PARTY," A PICTURE PAINTED WHEN THE ARTIST WAS TWENTY.—[See Page 251.]

even half a brick at Mr. Vachell, and I hope I did not drop any either.

I have not yet mentioned the Vachellian allusions to Barrie. The first relates to rehearsals of Mr. Vachell's first play, "Her Son." "I felt horribly shy," he writes, "despite the presence of Barrie, who, so to speak, played fairy godfather. What he thought of *Her Son* he kept to himself. He lit his pipe, observing, 'Only authors can smoke here.' So I lit mine." The other reference concerns the stage use of conjuring tricks, which Mr. Vachell, with Mr. Maskelyne's help, had effectively employed in one of his own plays. "When *Mary Rose* was presented at the Haymarket," he writes, "I suggested to Fred Harrison a *coup de théâtre*. Fay Compton, playing *Mary Rose*, disappears. We see her walk off. If she

IN THE NEWS: PICTURES OF EVENTS ABROAD AND IN ENGLAND.



FOR THE USE OF PRINCE EDWARD AND PRINCESS ALEXANDRA: A SUN-SHELTER AND HUT ERECTED ON THE BEACH NEAR BLOODY POINT HOUSE, SANDWICH, WHERE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT'S CHILDREN ARE STAYING.



AN AIR DISASTER IN WHICH FIFTEEN PERSONS WERE KILLED: THE WRECKAGE OF THE DUTCH AIR LINER WHICH CRASHED IN FLAMES NEAR BRUSSELS.

On July 28 a Douglas air liner of the Dutch K.L.M. caught fire in the air and crashed in flames into a potato field at Hal, near Brussels. The crew of four, an engineer employed by the company, and ten passengers were killed instantly. The machine was flying on the Rotterdam-Brussels-Paris route. It is thought that it was struck by lightning, which caused a fire which spread too rapidly to enable the pilot to land.



ONE OF THE LATEST WAR MEMORIALS TO BE UNVEILED IN FRANCE: A SHRINE COMMEMORATING 240,000 BRETONS WHO DIED IN THE GREAT WAR.

Those who fell in the Great War are commemorated by many memorials scattered throughout France—British, American, French, and other nationalities. The latest, to the memory of 240,000 Bretons, was unveiled at Sainte-Anne-d'Auray on July 25 by General Weygand, and consecrated by Cardinal Verdier, Archbishop of Paris. Some 50,000 Bretons were present.



TO BE DEDICATED ON AUGUST 8: A WAR MEMORIAL CHAPEL IN THE AMERICAN CEMETERY AT WAERGHEM, IN BELGIUM.

Beginning on August 1, seven war memorials commemorating the Americans who died in the Great War are to be dedicated in Europe. The first, and largest, was dedicated at Montfaucon to the memory of Americans who fell in the Meuse-Argonne battlefield. On August 8 a chapel in the cemetery at Waergem, Belgium, will be unveiled. This is one of the eight constructed in each of the American military cemeteries in Europe. Six are in France; one in Belgium; and one in England.



A FRENCH RAIL DISASTER IN WHICH TWENTY-SEVEN PERSONS WERE KILLED AND ABOUT FIFTY INJURED: THE TELESCOPED COACHES AND WRECKAGE OF A FRENCH HOLIDAY EXPRESS, WHICH JUMPED THE POINTS NEAR VILLENEUVE ST. GEORGES, LYING ACROSS THE LINES.

On the evening of July 29, a French holiday express jumped the points near Villeneuve St. Georges, about twelve miles from Paris. The engine, while rounding a curve at 50 m.p.h., rolled over, and two coaches of steel construction followed it. Behind these were two third-class wooden coaches. These were cut into by other steel coaches at the rear of the train. A small fire broke out after the accident, but it was soon extinguished and the work of extricating the victims went on all night.

Hacksaws and oxy-acetylene apparatus had to be used to cut away some of the wreckage, among which were found twenty-five bodies; while two other persons died in hospital soon after. On the following day it was announced that there were about fifty persons injured. M. Chautemps, the Prime Minister, and M. Marx Dormoy, Minister of the Interior, inspected the scene of the accident. The high mortality among passengers in wooden coaches aroused widespread comment.

THE KATZ EXHIBITION: 17TH-CENTURY DUTCH PICTURES NOW IN HOLLAND.



"ARNHEM."—BY JAN VAN GOYEN. (1596-1656.)
1646. F. C. Stoop Collection. 98½ by 135 cm.



"LANDSCAPE WITH WATER MILL."—BY M. HOBBEEMA.
(1638-1709.)
1664. Collection of the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres.
95 by 130 cm.



"THE EVANGELIST."—BY REMBRANDT.
C. 1663. Once in the Collection of Sir Joshua Reynolds.
102 by 79 cm.



"KING SAUL."—BY REMBRANDT. (1606-1669.)
From the Painter's Leyden Period. 129 by 88 cm.



"PORTRAIT OF AN OFFICER."—BY REMBRANDT.
1636. Liechtenstein Collection, Vienna. 66 by 52 cm.



"THE MILKMAID."—BY ALBERT CUYP. (1620-1691.)
109 by 94 cm.



"THE APOSTLE PETER WITH TWO SOLDIERS."—BY CAREL FABRITIUS.
(1620-1654.)—100 by 126 cm.

Our illustrations are a selection from more than a hundred paintings by Dutch painters, great and small, which will remain open at the Katz Gallery, at Dieren, near Arnhem, Holland, until September 17. Appropriately, a view of this ancient town as it appeared to the eye of Jan Van Goyen in 1646, one of the best of the "little masters," is an important exhibit. By greater hands, there are no fewer than fifteen well-known pictures by Rembrandt, a pearly sensitive group by Carel Fabritius, whose promise was cut short by the explosion at Delft in 1654, when he was thirty-four, two important landscapes by Hobbema, and a

characteristic scene with a winding river and wide horizons by de Koninck. The Rembrandts we reproduce show to perfection the painter's progress from his early days at Leyden to the years of his prosperity at Amsterdam, and thence to the powerful and moving pictures of the last period of his life, of which "The Evangelist" of 1663 is an extremely important example. Though Rembrandt may be said to dominate the exhibition, there are many examples by the smaller masters, such as Van Beyeren, Brekelenkam, Metsu, and Dou, many of them once in English collections and all of a type much admired here.

ONCE "A DIRTY LITTLE PANEL"; NOW ACCEPTED AS A REMBRANDT.



REMBRANDT'S "A MUSICAL PARTY" REVEALED BY CLEANING: THE TWENTY-YEAR-OLD ARTIST PLAYING A HARP; WITH, PRESUMABLY, HIS FATHER, MOTHER, AND SISTER.

Panel. Signed with a Monogram, and Dated 1626. 63 by 47½ cm. (See Page 248.)

A dirty little panel was sent up to Christie's from Scotland and appeared in a Monday sale in November 1936—the last item but one in the catalogue. Luckily for the anonymous owner, more than one pair of keen eyes recognised its importance, and the bidding rose to £2,205, at which price it was secured by E. J. Speelman and Vitale Bloch. Cleaning revealed the extremely interesting domestic scene of the photograph. Rembrandt himself at the age of

twenty is easily identified (the picture is signed with a monogram and dated 1626), and it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the other figures represent his father, mother, and sister. The picture is of importance as providing yet further evidence of his earliest style. It has in addition the attraction of presenting himself and his family as models. It was sold immediately to Holland and is now on view in the Katz Gallery at Dieren, near Arnhem.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

LA FONTAINE FABLES IN BEAUVAIS TAPESTRY.

By FRANK DAVIS.

THERE was an unusual opportunity during the week ending July 23 of examining at close quarters some of the finest French eighteenth-century furniture that has come across the Channel during recent years. This was at the sale of the collection formed by the late Comte Greffulhe, when Sotheby's dispersed a series of works of art which had been known to connoisseurs since the year 1877, when they were first described in the "Gazette des Beaux Arts." It is usual in such a case to write in some detail of the technical competence and highly civilised taste embodied in such chairs as are illustrated on this page and leave it at that; but to me Fig. 1 appears to possess an adventitious interest besides.

When I saw these chairs for the first time—there are six of them, covered in tapestry with different scenes on the seat and back of each—these words came into my mind: "Don't worry the man so! He's more stupid than wicked! God will never have the courage to damn him!" Jean de la Fontaine, whose immortal fables were the subject of the tapestry on these chairs sixty years later, was seventy-two years of age and lying ill in bed when his nurse thus exhorted his confessor, the Abbé Poujet. I always regret that the name of this good woman has not come down to us. What a man this was, and what a century he adorned! It is the fashion to look down our noses at the world of Louis XIV., and, indeed, there is much that is merely grandiose in the art of France (using the word "art" in its widest sense) during the last half of the seventeenth century, yet Poussin died in 1665, Claude in 1682, and La Fontaine in 1695—and among La Fontaine's friends were Molière and Racine; is not that a notable flowering of diverse genius among men of one race at a particular period? And is it easy to find a parallel since? We ourselves have not been slow to appreciate the debt the world owes to this galaxy—Molière, at any rate, is familiar on the stage, Poussin and Claude in public and private collections (there are, for example, about a hundred drawings by Poussin in the royal library at Windsor), and La Fontaine has been the subject of several English translations, the best of all quite recently from the able hand of Sir Edward Marsh—and if you imagine that his limpid verse lends itself easily to our tongue you have but to spend a spare half-hour struggling with half-a-dozen lines!

irksomeness of a dictatorship to an independent mind! Louis XIV., like other national leaders before and since, did not forgive ridicule, and La Fontaine was not always discreet. There was a little group of French exiles of high rank in England during the reign of Charles II. and they, through our ambassador in Paris, Lord Montagu, almost prevailed upon him to join them; but his not very serious tiff with the Government was not important enough to be weighed

from a book whose first edition came out in 1668. In modern terms, this is as if Mr. Augustus John were asked to design some chair-covers to be carried out at the Merton factory and promptly went back to Dickens for his subjects. Personally, I am unable to see this happening in England to-day—and there, more or less, is the measure of the difference in outlook between the two countries and the two centuries. Oudry was also



1. WITH BEAUVAIS TAPESTRY BACKS AND SEATS, FROM DESIGNS BY J. B. OUDRY, ILLUSTRATING THE FABLES OF LA FONTAINE: THREE OF THE SIX LOUIS XV. CHAIRS FROM THE GREFFULHE COLLECTION WHICH WERE SOLD AT SOTHEBY'S RECENTLY FOR £1250.



2. THE AUTHOR WHOSE IMMORTAL FABLES PROVIDED OUDRY WITH SUBJECTS FOR THE TAPESTRY ON THE CHAIRS SHOWN IN FIG. 1: JEAN DE LA FONTAINE (1621-1695).

in the balance against the habits of a lifetime and the good friends he kept until his last day.

Here, then, are these chairs, upholstered in Beauvais tapestry, from designs by J. B. Oudry and illustrating the fables; it seems to us quite a natural subject for such a purpose, and so, in a way, it is. But a few moments' consideration will make it clear

responsible for the designs of the 275 plates in the splendid four-volume edition of the Fables which appeared during the years 1755-59.

The backs of the three (out of the six) chairs illustrated show Oudry's charming designs for the fables of (1) The Swan and the Cook, (2) The Eagle and the Owl, and (3) The Hare and the Tortoise. The set of six, by the way, made £1250.

As a contrast in styles, Fig. 3—part of a very important set of thirty pieces which was bought in at £4900—shows to perfection how fashion changed from curved lines to a rather more austere mode after Louis XVI. had succeeded his grandfather in 1760. Upholstery—Beauvais tapestry, the backs designed as bouquets of tulips, hollyhocks, delphiniums, narcissi, etc., within similar flowered borders. Perhaps the names of these three types of chair will interest some people; thus, from left to right—*marquise*, *bergère en gondole* and *fauteuil* (armchair). Needless to point out that the great French cabinet-makers signed their more important work. The set of Fig. 1 is signed by Tiliard—there were three members of this famous family. The other set is by Georges Jacob, master of the Guild in 1765.

One word more as to the tapestry-workers. We can (and do) smile at what follows, but at least we must admit that it sets up a high ideal. Here is the description of the perfect tapestry-worker, as printed in the statutes of 1756: "In whatever style he may work . . . he should be master of all the rules of proportion, especially those of architecture and of perspective, of some knowledge of anatomy, of taste and accuracy in drawing, in colouring, and in shading, of grace in arrangement and grandeur in expression of all styles and classes, figures, animals, landscapes, palaces, rustic buildings, statues, vases, woods, plants, and flowers of all kinds." Enough, one would imagine, for a poor workman? Not a bit of it! "He should add to these attainments a knowledge of sacred and secular history, and should be able to apply properly the rules of good manufacture, and to discern that which produces beauty of texture and of colouring, that is, the different qualities of silks, wools and hangings, which frequently require to be turned under, or raised, or altered to the eye, for which reason they themselves

have always been permitted to dye the materials they employ." The astonishing thing is that so many carried out these instructions both in the spirit and the letter.



3. LOUIS XVI. CHAIRS WITH MAGNIFICENT BEAUVAIS TAPESTRY BACKS AND SEATS WHICH WERE BOUGHT IN AT SOTHEBY'S AT £4900: PART OF AN IMPORTANT SET OF THIRTY PIECES FROM THE GREFFULHE COLLECTION.

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that it is altogether extraordinary. Put it this way: Oudry, one of the leading painters of his time, is asked to design some tapestry covers for chairs and promptly takes as his subject scenes

This England . . .



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NOTES FROM A TRAVELLER'S LOG-BOOK.

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

THE BASQUE COAST OF FRANCE.

STRETCHING along the western coast of France, from near Bayonne to the Spanish frontier at Hendaye, the Côte Basque, bordering the picturesque land where dwell the French Basques, forms a delightful region wherein to spend one's summer holidays. Fine coastal scenery, high cliffs, rocks against which the great rollers of the Atlantic dash, and wide beaches of sand, most inviting to bathers, front a delightful hinterland of wooded hills, fertile valleys, and mountain ranges—the Pyrenees—whilst the summer-time climate is one that is particularly agreeable, for the abundant sunshine is tempered with cool breezes from the sea, and the air is always invigorating. For the sportsman there is good salmon-fishing in the Gave, whilst in every river trout are plentiful. In nearby Béarn one can shoot ortolan, in the Pyrenees the palombe, or ring-dove,



SHOWING, IN THE DISTANCE, THE LOWER RANGES OF THE PYRENEES: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE BATHING-BEACH AT THAT CHARMING LITTLE RESORT ON THE BASQUE COAST, ST. JEAN DE LUZ.

Photograph by J. E. Auclair (French Railways' Collection).

and on the high peaks of Néouvielle and Gavarnie one can stalk the isard-chamois, and the wild goat.

Then there is the charm of the Basque people, a mystery race, if ever there was one. Where they came from is not known, but their language, styled Eskuara, does not belong to the Indo-European language family at all, and is considered to be extremely ancient. They have quaint customs and ceremonies, also dances, which are peculiarly their own, and in their fascinating little villages you will always find a court in which is played the national game of pelota—one in which a ball of string, covered with sheepskin, is thrown against a wall and returned by the players, who strike it with a curiously-shaped bat. Horse-racing and horse fairs are other Basque attractions, for the Basques are great horse-breeders. Skilled guides are available for mountain climbing, and touring the region by motor-car is possible in almost every direction, including the well-known service of the Route des Pyrénées, between Biarritz and Luchon.

Biarritz is a most attractive holiday centre. It is essentially modern, with its luxury hotels, its magnificent *plages*, and its beautiful promenades; but it is unspoiled, and no one who has seen it can deny the fascination of the Rocher de la Vierge, whilst Port Vieux remains a picturesque little spot. For sport and amusement, Biarritz is ideal.

Apart from its four fine bathing-beaches, it has an open-air sea-water swimming-pool, and salt water thermal baths, numerous tennis courts, fishing, racing and polo, and two golf clubs—the Biarritz Golf Club and the Chiberta Golf Club. There are two casinos, the Municipal and the Bellevue, with roulette and baccarat, where plays and concerts are given, and dances held. There are delightful walks about Biarritz, one, along the cliffs, southwards, which affords a fine view of the three peaks in the distant Pyrenees known as Les Trois Couronnes, and it is an admirable centre for excursions into the Pays Basque—to La Rhune, by way of La Négresse, Arcangues, where there is a memorial to British soldiers killed in the Peninsular War, the woods of Ustaritz, St. Pée, the Valley of the Nivelle, and the Col de Saint-Ignace, returning via Ascaïn; to Pas de Roland, through Bayonne, across the Plateau of Mougère to Cambo, and by Itxassou, most charming of Basque villages; and to St. Jean-Pied-de-Port, a grand old relic of ages past, the way to which lies through a wild defile between the peaks of Arsamendi and unpronounceable Abaracacpbarria, and by the grotto of Bidarray, with waters which are deemed miraculous.

Smaller than Biarritz, but very up-to-date and prettily situated on a sandy little bay into which flows the river Nivelle, St. Jean-de-Luz is another most agreeable holiday centre on the côte Basque. Despite the modernity of its hotels, its casino, its two golf clubs, its charming *plage*, and its yacht club (it has an annual regatta which attracts many yachts well known in the racing world), St. Jean-de-Luz is old enough to figure as the scene of the first whale fishery in the fifteenth century. It once had a far less enviable reputation—as a lair for corsairs and buccaneers, and in its church of St. John the Baptist, Louis XIV., the Grand Monarque, was married to the Infanta Maria Teresa of Spain. Famous old houses abound, among them the Château de Louis XIV., where Louis stayed before his marriage, and the Maison de l'Infante, where the Infanta was lodged, Grangabaita, in Rue Mazarin, in which both Napoleon and Wellington once resided, and the Maison Eskurenea, or the Basque House, which dates from before the Armada! On the Franco-Spanish frontier, where the Bidassoa runs into the sea, Hendaye, opposite Irun and Fontarabie, with one of the finest and safest bathing-beaches in France, is a pleasant little resort, with a large luxury hotel, a casino and a golf club.



THE OLD PORT OF BIARRITZ: AN INTERESTING VIEW SHOWING SOME OF THE FINE MODERN HOTELS AT THIS DELIGHTFUL BASQUE COAST RESORT.

Photograph by French National Tourist Services.

See India ..



● In the courtyard of the Meenakshi Temple, Madurai.



● A scene in Madras showing the fine architecture of the city

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FINANCE AND INVESTMENT.

By HARTLEY WITHERS.

POLITICS AND SECURITY.

FREEDOM to buy and sell what securities it pleases, at what prices it considers to be correct, is a privilege that has long been denied to the City, at least in some of its most important departments. The market rate of discount is now a matter of arrangement between the bankers and bill-brokers, in so far as it is not decided by the manoeuvres of the Government departments. This, being a matter which does not directly affect the general public, is not of much interest to ordinary investors; but the control exercised over foreign lending, and to a certain extent over foreign investment, is a development which has to be watched carefully in the interests of those who still think that they and their professional advisers are the best judges concerning the use that should be made of their savings. So far, the City has shown a rather surprising patience under the control to which its activities have been subjected, arguing, with its usual shrewd sense, that this is one of the nuisances to which it is necessary to submit, in the present chaotic condition of the world's financial machinery. Also City opinion admits that, judged by practical results, the Government's intervention in a sphere that was once left free has been on the whole beneficial. That opinion agrees that the Government has earned our thanks for restoring confidence and otherwise promoting enterprise.

FOREIGN INVESTMENT CONTROL.

It is, therefore, in no carping spirit that the City criticises the efforts of the authorities to direct it as to where it may and may not invest its money and that of its clients. This control was introduced in 1925, when the Bank of England and the Government were screwing up the exchange value of the pound with a view to returning to the gold standard on the pre-war parity with the dollar. Some people then thought that we were in too much of a hurry about doing so; but the City in general accepted the views of the authorities. Since then, after an interval between 1925 and 1931, the embargo has been revived in a much stricter form; for it is now not only applied to new foreign issues—which is hardly necessary, because credit-worthy borrowers abroad are now so

scarce that foreign issues are most unlikely—but also, to some extent, to purchases by British houses and companies of foreign, especially American, securities on behalf of themselves or their customers. This power of regulation, which has no legal authority behind it, is exercised by a body called the Foreign Transactions Advisory Committee. Its operations have produced a good deal of exasperation on various grounds. It is known that its decrees, somewhat vague and difficult to interpret, have a tiresomely hampering effect on the legitimate business of firms that conduct international investment. Those that do their best to follow the wishes of the authorities merely find that the transactions which they have refused to carry out, in deference to the Committee's regulations, have been done by the London offices of American firms, which naturally see no reason why they should follow the injunctions, with no legal sanction behind them, of alien authorities.

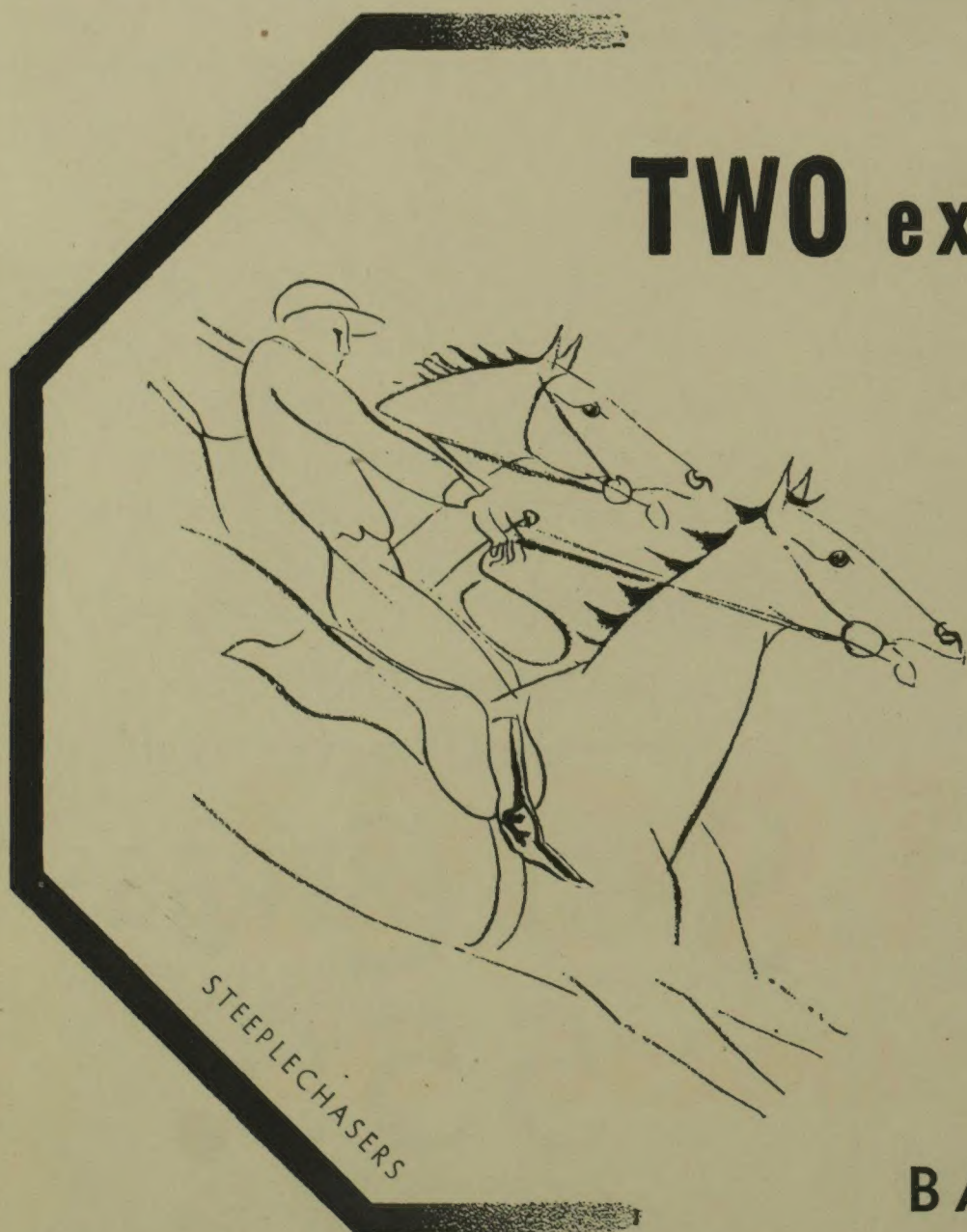
THEORETICAL CRITICISMS.

These are practical objections, rather serious, but not of overwhelming importance, if the attempt to check foreign investment can really be defended on grounds of high policy. But is this so? If the stability of the pound, in its present relation to the dollar, can only be maintained by preventing the flow of capital wherever its owners want to put it, it seems that the present exchange value of the pound is quite artificial; and that either this embargo on foreign investment will have to be maintained until the crack of doom, or else that the pound will suffer a bad tumble some day when the embargo is withdrawn. Is the position of the pound really so precarious? And if so, would not it be better to let it find its true level, based not on artificial coddling, but on actual business facts? Among the business facts on which Britain built up her industrial and financial strength was the free movement of British capital abroad. Thanks to this free movement, when the war came we found ourselves possessed of a great fund of foreign investments, which we were able to sell or pledge in order to provide ourselves and our allies with food and munitions, without which the end of the war might have been a different story. And now (quite apart from the possibility of another great war) there could be no solid and more profitable cushion for sterling than one composed of a new accumulation of foreign investments, to take the place of

those that we had to dispose of in order to purchase victory. Foreign investment has been proved by past experience to be a wholesome stimulus to British trade and to provide a useful reserve fund in time of need, and the persistence with which it is now checked by official action is difficult to explain.

POLITICAL LENDING.

On the other side of the account, that of official encouragement of foreign lending, City opinion has also raised a note of interrogation. This was in connection with the Iraq loan, which was so successfully brought out just before the August holiday. In this case the authorities went out of their way to emphasise the fact that the issue was permitted, and the terms of the loan and the price at which it was offered combined to secure a ready reception for it. But it was pertinently inquired by Mr. Hobson, the City Editor of the *News Chronicle*, how far the monetary powers—that-be, in giving their blessing to the loan, had been influenced by considerations of international politics, and how far by the purely economic considerations by which they profess to be governed. "That," he continued, "we shall never know. One wonders, at any rate, whether, if Iraq did not lie on the road to India, permission would have been given." This doubt raises a question of principle highly important to investors. If our monetary rulers are to use their powers not only to stop our investing where we like, but also to encourage us to invest on political grounds, they are leading investors up a garden path that is full of dangerous possibilities. The melancholy experience of France, which, for political reasons, lent many milliards of francs to Russia in order to cement the pre-war Alliance between the Republic and the Tsar's government, and had to write off all those milliards as lost, is very much to the point. The loan to Iraq is, of course, quite a different matter in some ways. It is only for a modest sum, and the security is all that can be expected by investors who are asked to place their money on terms which are calculated to yield them about 5½ per cent. But it is the thin edge of a very dangerous wedge. In the present state of international politics, it seems much more desirable that if the Government wants to use British wealth, as it is fully entitled to do, to further its ends, it should use the resources of the taxpayers in general, rather than those of investors whom it encourages to subscribe to such or such an issue.



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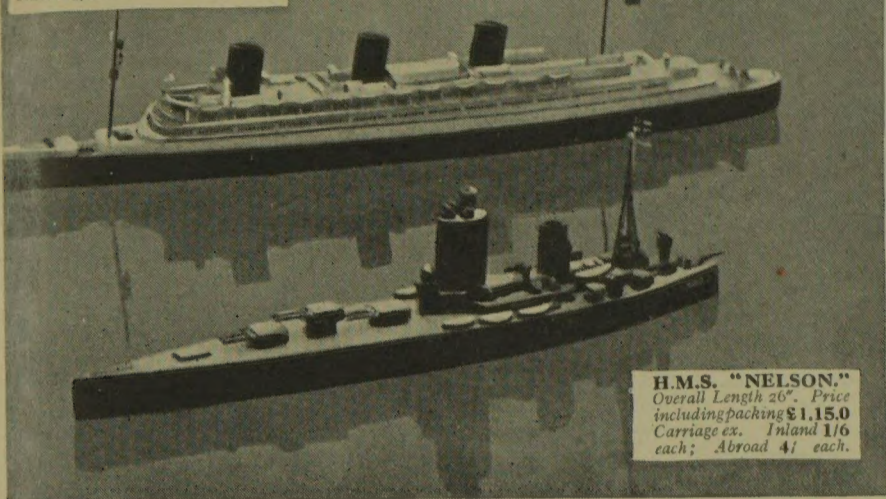
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Munich—Grand Hotel Continental—Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich—Hotel Grunewald—Opposite central station. 300 beds. Every comfort. Bierstube.

Munich—Hotel "Der Königshof" Karlsplatz—1st class. Central situation. 150 rooms. 50 baths. From 5 Mk. New Garage in hotel.

Munich—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot & cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Sasbachwalden (Black Forest)—Landhaus Fuchs—20 miles fr. Baden-Baden, a country hse. dsdnd. for the few. Private swim. pool. R.A.C., N.T.C. hotel.

Wiesbaden—Hotel Schwarzer Bock—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medicinal Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Marks 9.

Wiesbaden—Hotel Nassauer Hof—World renwd. Finest pos. opposite Park and Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Paid by best Brit. Soc. Pen. from 12 Mk.

Wiesbaden—Palast Hotel—First-class hotel opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort Own bath-establishment. Pension from R.M. 10.

Wiesbaden—Hotel Rose—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by English and American Society. Pension from Marks 11.

Wiesbaden—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten (Four Seasons) Select home of Society. Best position opposite Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pens. from R.M. 12

ITALY

Siresa, Lake Maggiore.—Regina Palace Hotel—On the lake. Pension from Lire 50. Tennis. Golf. Orchestra.

SWITZERLAND

Geneva—The Beau Rivage—With its open air Restaurant Terrace on the lake fac. Mt. Blanc. Most comf. Prices reduc. Rms. from Sw. Frs. 6.50.

Geneva—Hôtel de la Paix—On the Lake facing Mont-Blanc. Close to pier and places of interest. Select but mod. in cost. Nice rooms from S. Fr. 6.

Gunten.—Park Hotel. (Lake Thun)—Full South on lake front. Large Park. Gar. 1st-class family Hotel. Bathing, Tennis, Golf. Pension from Fr. 11.50 up.

Interlaken—Hotel Schweizerhof—Rnwd for its fine sit., ex. cooking, and comf. Rms. fr. Fr. 5.50. Pen. rate from Fr. 13. TH. WIRTH, Managing-Prop.

Lausanne—Victoria Hotel—(First-class). The most comfortable at the station. Most moderate terms. Personal attention.

Lucerne—Hotel Beau-Rivage—Facing lake, next door to Casino. First class. Excellent food. Pension from S. Frs. 13

Lucerne—Carlton Hotel—1st class. English House Finest situation on lake. Open-air rest. Private lake baths free for guests. Park. Tennis. Garage.

Lucerne—The National—Ideal location on lake. World known for comfort and personal attention.

Lugano—Adler Hotel—Near station, in own gardens facing lake, exceptional view. Rooms from Frs 3.50, Pension from 10 Frs. Garage Boxes.

Lugano—(Sth'n Switzerland) Grand Hotel Palace—Finest situation directly on lake-prom, quiet yet central, open-air restaurant. Large park, tennis.

Montreux—Montreux Palace Hotel—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rooms facing lake. Mod. comf., Golf. Ten. Large Park. Garage. Beach.

Ouchy-Lausanne—Hotel Du Château—1st. class hotel in own park on the lake. Seat of Lausanne Conference. Terms R.M. 5. Pen. from Fr. 12 up.

Thun—Hotel Bellevue and Park—Central—for excursions. Pension from Fr. 10. Large Park, Tennis, Swimming and Golf.

Wengen—Grand Hotel Belvedere—First class hotel with every mod. comf., ex. cuisine, large gar. Swim., tennis, mountaineering. All inclus. rates from 15/-

Wengen—Palace Hotel.—The leading hotel of the Jungfrau District. Inclusive terms from Frs. s. 14.50. F. Borter, Propr.

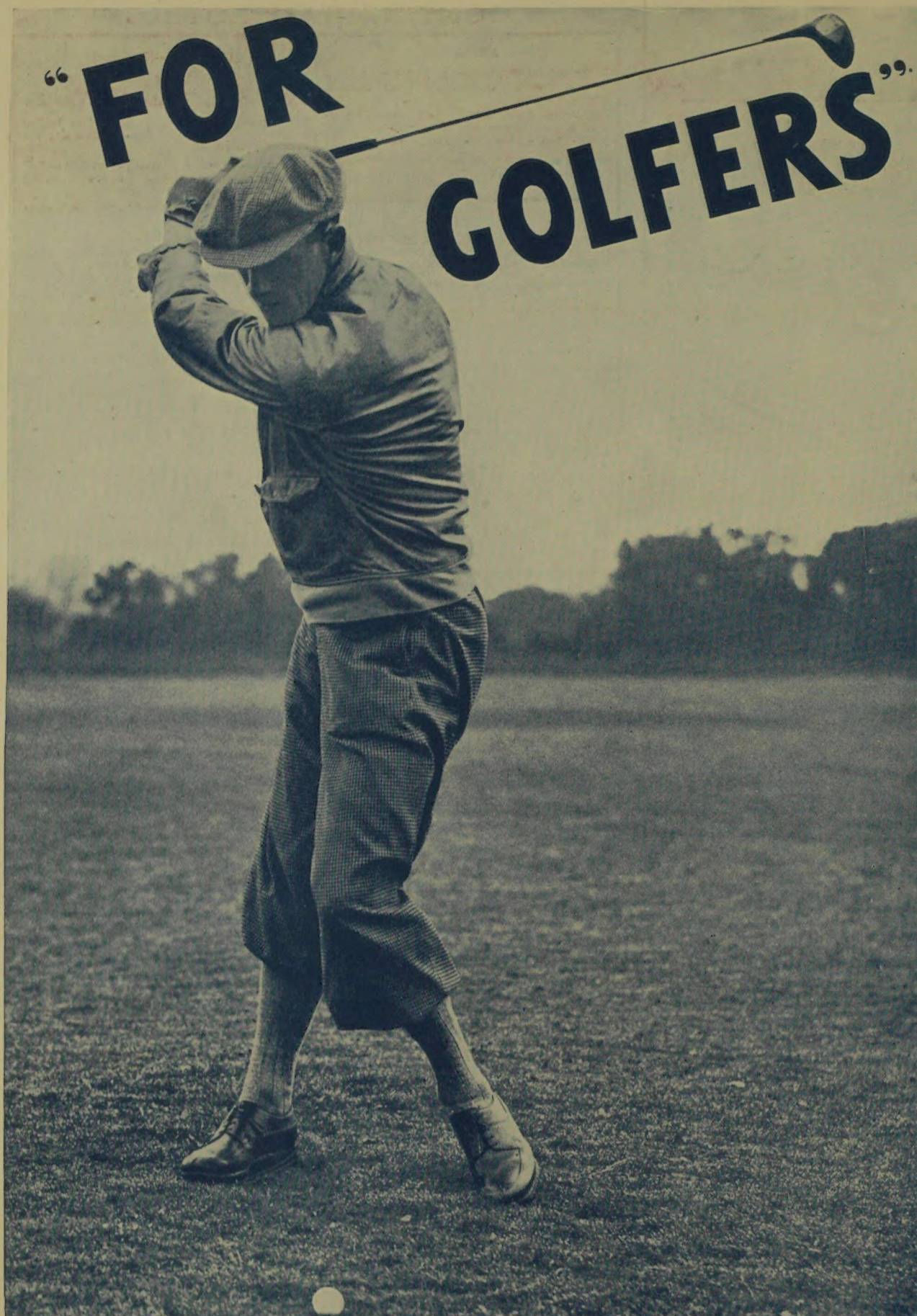
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